

THE MONTH

DECEMBER, 1869.



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The Pope and the Council.

WE do not doubt that there may exist in various parts of Christendom many excellent, learned, and philosophically thoughtful persons, who look forward with some amount of apprehension to what they suppose may perhaps be the result of the deliberations of the Council now assembling in Rome. The fact that the German Bishops, as well as others nearer to ourselves, have thought it well to address explanations on the subject to their flocks, is a proof that they consider apprehensions to exist, not only among the enemies, but among the friends and the children of the Church. Such declarations as that which was issued from Fulda are not addressed to the refractory and insubordinate alone. Moreover, it is easy to see that, on two great subjects which may possibly occupy the attention of the Council, the public mind requires to be disabused of prejudices and to be supplied with accurate information. The dangerous opinions and maxims condemned in the Syllabus of 1864 would not be so dangerous if they had not taken deep root in society in general, and when such errors are influential in society in general, it is morally certain that a considerable number of good Catholics will be affected by them. Again, the ancient doctrine of the Infallibility of the See and the Successor of St. Peter has been, and is still, largely misrepresented, till it has come to be possible for a daring scribe to assert that the essence of Infallibility will come to consist "in the Pope's signature to a decree hastily drawn up by a congregation or a single theologian"—a decree, we presume, as no limitation is expressed, on any subject whatever and for whatever purpose. Persons who deserve far greater consideration than the author to whom we have just referred, may see a difficulty in the definition of the

Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff when that of the Church herself has not been defined, and, at all events, the conditions which theologians are agreed in requiring for the exercise of Infallibility may not be well understood. These and other reasons might be assigned for the opinion which we have expressed as to the existence of the class of sincere Catholics of which we have spoken.

We must confess that although we by no means share the state of mind of persons of this class, we can most sincerely sympathise with them as to the circumstances under which they now find themselves. What would, we suppose, satisfy them and give them hope, would be that some temperate and respectful method should be adopted of summing up their difficulties, and of laying them before the Council, or as preliminary to that, before the Catholic public. We are far from saying that such feelings as theirs will not be adequately represented to, and considered by, the Council itself; but it must be confessed that they find themselves at present, in this regard, in but poor company. Every document or declaration with the object of which they might sympathise has been such in substance, in spirit, or in circumstances, as to cast discredit on their cause. There has either been palpable intemperance and violence of language, exaggeration of statement, bitterness of tone, or personal conduct on the part of the opponents of the anticipated definition, the transparent disgracefulness of which even the world has been able to recognise. We gladly refrain from specifying particulars. It must be obvious to every one that—if we except the elaborate work of Monseigneur Maret, Bishop of Sura*—there has been wanting in the demonstration of what we may call more anti-Roman party among Catholics, not only weight and force of argument, but temper, respectfulness, mode-

* For an admirable review of Mgr. Maret's work we may refer our readers to the *Etudes* for October and November. The book has called forth strong opposition in France, several Bishops having spoken against it openly. Its tone is moderate, and it is altogether a great contrast to the work with which we are ourselves now engaged. But it is chiefly founded on the *Defensio* of Bossuet, which has already been more than once refuted. One of Mgr. Maret's proposals, that Councils should meet every ten years, has called forth from the Bishop of Poitiers (Mgr. Pie) the remark—which he is said to have uttered in

ration, and the Catholic spirit. It is not inconsistent with that spirit to hesitate as to the prudence or expediency of a certain possible definition yet unformed. There are many men who may feel thus who will yet joyfully and readily accept the definition should it be made—as joyfully and readily as those who now desire it the most will recognise the supernatural prudence of the Church if it should not be made. What is inconsistent with the Catholic spirit is this—to ignore entirely the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God in the proceedings of the highest authorities in the Church, to attribute their measures to the action of party and the influence of low motives, to represent the whole framework of her system as disorganised and incapable of free and vital action, and thus to prepare beforehand for resistance to her most solemn and authentic judgments on the plea which has been used by every heretic since the days of Arius—the plea of the incompetency of the tribunal or of the illicit character of the process.

We sincerely trust that the latest “pronouncement” on the side of which we are speaking may turn out not to be attributable to the authorship with which common report has associated it. We have given some reasons in our last number for hesitation, at least, as to this matter. Unfortunately there are too many persons, in England especially, who, when they hear that an anti-Papal work has appeared in German, and has been translated into English, will, without more ado, assert that it has been written by Dr. — and translated by Mr. —. These two names are as certain to be put in circulation, under such circumstances, as those of Julius Cæsar and Oliver Cromwell with the building up and battering down of every ruined castle throughout the country, whatever may be its true history, whatever the style and date of its architecture or the manner of its destruction. But whoever the author and

a voice choked by emotion and tears—“A man must be a Bishop *in partibus infidelium* to think that our Holy Mother the Church will impose every ten years on each one of her Pastors a sacrifice like that which is now asked of us.” This remark appears to contain more than a simple and affecting sentiment. If the Bishops generally are to undertake, as a sort of Parliament, the government of the Church as a whole, they must practically give up that intimate union with their respective dioceses which is essential to their office.

whoever the translator of *The Pope and the Council*, there can be no doubt as to its spirit or as to its object. It can best be compared to Mr. Ffoulkes' pamphlet, of which we heard so much last spring, till the Saurin case came on to furnish the fickle public with a new sensation. When we compare it to the *Letter to Archbishop Manning*, we mean to say that it is one of those works which owe whatever temporary attention they may gain to the circumstances of their publication and the tone of the public mind at a particular moment, rather than to any novelty of view, any brilliancy of argument, any force of style, or any depth of learning. The great type of literature of this class, the most striking instance of success in leaving a bad impression on bitterly hated enemies, is also one of the most dishonest books ever written—the *Provincial Letters*. It is only possible to exempt Pascal from the charge of deliberate misrepresentation by believing, as there seems good ground for believing, that he had his quotations furnished to him by others, and the book remains dishonest, whether the fame of the author be cleared or not. But Pascal's work survives only on account of its style and of its wit, and these are happily wanting in the numerous imitations which its celebrity encourages. *The Pope and the Council* is no exception to the general mediocrity of the class to which it belongs. It has been carefully trumpeted in certain newspapers and reviews, and there has been an attempt made to pass it off on the English public as the fruit of singular learning. It has caused, and will cause, a certain excitement, and, like all short handy confident pamphlets crowded with assertions on subjects with which most men are not familiar, it will lay upon him who may think it worth while seriously to disprove its statements one by one, an amount of labour which may very probably delay the full exposure of its inaccuracies, exaggerations, and misrepresentations till a time at which the book itself is already half-forgotten. But we think that its only effect among Catholics will be to rally them more than ever to devotion to the Holy See, and to make them look with extreme distrust and dislike on all its opponents, as full of the spirit

of heresy. The writer goes a great deal too far to carry with him the sympathies of any true child of the Church, and he is much more likely to provoke a strong reaction against the side which is so unfortunate as to have enlisted his advocacy. Nor can there be much doubt as to the object of the book. It does not suggest any moderate resistance to what it supposes to be new encroachments or the introduction of new principles into the government of the Church. On the contrary, it represents the case as already practically hopeless. The old dishonest calumny of the Lutherans, about the impossibility of a free Council, is revived, and it is not difficult to see that the object is still the same, namely, to excuse a refusal of submission to what the Council of the Vatican may determine. The constitution of the Church is represented as already practically changed. The writer's view of the state of the Church is not at all unlike that of Mr. Ffoulkes. There is far more bitterness of language, the historical statements are more reckless, they range over a wider field and a longer period and are more minute in their malice, than any in the pamphlet of that gentleman. The main object of the writer, as far as the book bears witness to it, is far more to throw a vast amount of mud upon the Popes, the Roman Court, and the Jesuit theologians, than to pave the way for any calm and dispassionate examination of practical questions. The book may be addressed in the first instance to Catholics, though this is barely pretended. As to them, it is a frantic attempt to detach them from their loyalty to the Church as it is. But it is far more like the pamphlet to which we have already compared it in its secondary—if it be secondary—object, that, namely, of frightening away from Catholicism a number of souls who are approaching the truth and the One Fold, by statements and allegations which, if understood in their full import in the light of the principles of faith, will go far, in any logical mind that can accept them as true, to destroy all belief in the existence of any authoritative Church at all. The author is quite aware that attacks of this kind on the faith have much more accidental weight when they seem to proceed from the Catholic side, but he has, we think, not

been sufficiently careful to keep up appearances throughout. We suspect that when the book comes to be critically examined it will be found to contain little that is original in its charges against the Holy See.

The work before us is divided into three very unequal parts. The first chapter is concerned with the supposed intention on the part of the "managers" of the Council (for the Council, of course, is to be "managed," the Bishops are only to register Decrees already prepared for them, and the wire-pullers are to be the Jesuits) to affirm by dogmatic Decree the doctrines set forth in the Syllabus of 1864. We have already stated that the writer does not seem yet to have acquired the power of understanding the condemnations of the Syllabus in their proper sense, as any theologian, however moderately informed, would understand them. History does not fare much better than theology at his hands. The Popes, we are told, have solemnly condemned almost every European Constitution and Charter of Liberty, from Magna Charta down to the last Austrian Constitution. This chapter, however, forms a comparatively unimportant part of the volume. Still shorter and less important is the second chapter, about the second expected "new dogma"—that of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady. Here, again, the Jesuits are at the bottom of all the mischief, and they exhibit "their characteristic contempt for the tradition of the ancient Church." The author, apparently, has some ancient tradition to produce which contradicts the fact of our Lady's Assumption—but he does not produce it. The Jesuits are only just beginning, he tells us, their career in the invention of new dogmas. They expect, moreover, that the Council will make their doctrine of Probabilism—what do our readers suppose?—an *article of faith*. The egregious absurdity of this statement, the utter ignorance which it displays as to the character of the verities which can possibly be considered as articles of faith, will, we should imagine, be enough to make any theological reader close the volume here. The writer adds that the Jesuits expect, further, that the Council will place in their hands all the gymnasias and places of higher education. Oscott,

Ushaw, Maynooth, and other places of education must therefore prepare for new teachers! But we notice this statement as perhaps furnishing a clue to the solution of the vexed question of the authorship of this volume. Every one familiar with Rome knows the high character borne there by the students of the German College. They are considered to be at the very head of the theological Colleges of Rome. It is understood that when they go back to Germany, thoroughly trained and accomplished theologians, and having had the advantages of a spiritual education which may almost be compared to a Novitiate, these excellent servants of the Church are frequently "shelved" by Governments which do not wish Catholic Priests to be too distinguished, active, or influential, and that they have also from time to time to meet the bitter enmity and jealousy of others not half so loyal or so learned as themselves. There are so many indications in the volume now before us of this unworthy spirit, that we are inclined to conjecture that its authors, if they are Catholics at all, belong to that set of men who are sometimes thrown into the shade by the students of the German College, who are pupils of the Jesuits.

This account of the earlier chapters of the work—which occupy less than forty pages out of more than four hundred—will not encourage the well-informed reader to proceed with its perusal with any very high anticipations either of pleasure or of profit. The third chapter forms the bulk and substance of the book. It is an elaborate attack on the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, under the guise of an historical sketch of its rise and gradual practical development in the Church. It is written throughout with a bitterness of tone which will, we should imagine, seriously detract from the effect of any apparent plausibility which its confidence of assertion and minuteness of detailed statement might otherwise engender. It is impossible for a reviewer to go into particulars with a series of misstatements of this kind, ranging from the earliest ages almost down to the present time. We must leave the exposure of numberless misstatements to the patient industry of the writers professedly and directly

occupied with the historical part of the great question of Infallibility, and, as we are now expecting a new volume from Father Bottalla, we have no doubt that its pages will contain a sufficient confutation of the assertions in question. It will not, however, be useless to add here a few remarks which may give some idea of the argument now before us, and of the general considerations by which it may be met, apart from the direct exposure of misrepresentations and misconceptions, which would, we should imagine, require a volume at least as large as that in which these are conveyed.

The general effect of an argument is always an important consideration with those who approach it with certain already ascertained principles and conclusions as to the subject matter with which it deals. A Christian is justified in rejecting as unsound a series of statements on some point within the range of Christianity itself, if they naturally imply or lead to the conclusion that Christianity is untrue. He may not see the particular answer to each particular argument, or the particular falsehood in each particular assertion; but he knows that there must be a flaw somewhere, and he would be foolish not to act as if his knowledge were certain. The same series of statements or arguments in the mind of an infidel would require direct and detailed confutation; in the mind of a Christian they are sufficiently answered by pointing out their inconsistency with Christian truth already ascertained. Judged by this principle, the general effect of the series of assertions with which we are now concerned is such as to make every Catholic reject them at once. They give an account of Church history, and of the present state of the Church, which is not consistent with what Christians believe concerning her. They represent the Primacy of the See of Rome, indeed, as ancient and primitive: though it is not perhaps easy to see what it means. We have been accustomed to consider it as a first principle that there is nothing merely titular, no simple figure-head, no *roi-faincant*, in the Church of God; but it would not be easy for the maintainers of the doctrines set forth in this book to say in what respect the Primacy of the

Church, in their theory, is more than this. Further, the Primacy is represented, in the general, as having been gradually changed into something real, into a true and fully-developed monarchy, essentially different from anything contemplated in the Apostolic or early ages; the change is alleged to have been wrought by ambition, by usurpation, by fraud, supported by audacious and deliberate forgery, and carried at length to such an extent as to involve—in the present condition of the Church, and apart from any further developments contemplated as possible and probable—a most material curtailment of the rights of the divinely-appointed Episcopacy, and a predominant and penetrating despotism of the Roman Pontiff, which makes the deliberations of Councils a show, and deprives their members of all true liberty. If Catholic Bishops in future should use the ancient formula in giving their adhesion to the decrees of a so-called Council, and write each after his signature *definiens subscripsi*, this, according to the author of the book before us, would amount to nothing short of blasphemy: and we do not see how the same is not to be said, on the same grounds, of the Prelates now assembling in the Vatican Basilica. Meanwhile, the Church is still, and has been during all the long ages of usurpation, Infallible, the Bride of Christ, the inspired organ of the Holy Ghost, but her Infallibility has been dormant, it has never been able to operate, or find utterance to protest against and blow away by so protesting, the unlawful authority which has installed itself in its place! Such, stated broadly and generally, is the “general effect” of the argument now before us if it be admitted to be true; and we have a right to say, that no Catholic who really believes that the Church is for ever to be preserved from error and radical decay, that she is to be to each successive generation of Christians the same guide, and mother, and ruler, and source of life and light and grace, that she was to the earliest believers, can accept it for a moment. And even those outside the Church, who are fair enough judges of *this* particular issue, if only they can divest themselves of prejudice and of the effects of a false historical tradition, are quite capable of seeing

the inconsistency of the maintenance of such a position by any one who still lays claim to the name of Catholic.*

In the face of an argument, the general effect of which is so contradictory to what any faithful Catholic can admit as possible in reference to the Church and her history, it is natural that he should fall back on a general and deeply-rooted distrust of the long and intricate chain of statements on which such an argument is based. Then he has only to suppose the author or authors before him to have taken a distorted view of the facts which they allege, or to have entered upon their study of history with a preconceived determination in their mind to find just what they want to find, and nothing else. Instances of both these faults are unhappily so very common among us that it requires no effort whatsoever to adopt this solution of the apparent discrepancy between the pretended facts of history, as adduced in this volume, and the theory as to the govern-

* We may quote one remarkable witness, from the *Spectator* of Nov. 6:—"If Janus and his friends are right, no paradox of the Christian faith is half so great as this, which maintains that the true Infallibility of the Church has not only ain *perdu* for centuries, but has been impersonated by a growth of falsehood, without any interposition on the part of the Divine Source of Infallibility. . . . A dumb Infallibility, that cannot find its voice for centuries, even to contradict the potent and ostentatious error that has taken its name in vain—is that a sort of divine authority to which human nature will willingly go into captivity?" The same writer contrasts, a little further on, the *sincerity* of the Ultramontanes with that of "Janus" and his friends. "In spite of all the critical and historical difficulties which the Liberals ably parade, and sometimes even over-state, we find it hard to believe that the latter believe cordially in any Church Infallibility at all. That they are sincerely attached to the patristic theology, and are not crypto-sceptics, is obvious enough. But, looking to the numerous and difficult conditions which they insist on as indispensable to any mode of ascertaining what the infallible teaching of the Church—so long suppressed—really is, and the triumph with which they prove that Councils held, or to be held, under far less disturbing influences than the first Council of Ephesus, for example (universally held as Œcumenical), fail to satisfy these conditions, we can hardly help suspecting that their attitude of mind in relation to the difficulty of ascertaining the infallible judgment of the Church on any theological point strongly resembles that expressed in Dr. Johnson's celebrated dictum as to the 'difficult' piece of music which he had just heard—'Difficult, madam; I wish it had been impossible!' The Liberal Catholics seem to us, in short, to be crypto-Anglicans, who reluctantly accept, in addition to Anglicanism, the abstract principle of a dogmatic Infallibility inherent in their Church—an Infallibility bound over, moreover, under the heaviest possible recognisances, never to appear and *claim* the authority it ought to have" (p. 1292).

ment and constitution of the Christian Church, which alone, as even these writers must admit, is in harmony with visible facts, supposing the divine promises to the Church not to have failed. Other considerations come in to confirm this view of the case. In the first place, the work before us utterly ignores the dogmatic and typical history, if we may so speak, of the foundation and early years of the Church as given in Scripture. The present generation, to go no further back, has seen a number of masterly treatises published in various countries, which can leave no doubt upon any candid mind as to the immense force of the argument for Papal Infallibility, in the strongest sense of the term, which is contained in the Gospels and in the Acts of the Apostles. This blaze of light at the very sources of Christian history illuminates the whole subsequent course of the stream, and the writers before us deal with it only by shutting their eyes to it, and doing all they can to shut to it also the eyes of their readers. They cannot be ignorant of it, but they pass it by in silence. When we come to the successive periods of the history of the Church, luminous as is the lesson which they read to us when interpreted by the certainties of Scripture and of Catholic doctrine, every one knows how easy it is for those who have not this guidance to lose their way in the maze of facts partially known, not always faithfully reported, and not always, either, of certain interpretation without other light than their own. If we suppose the most patient and the most judicious of historical critics to enter on the consideration of Church history in its doctrinal aspect from literary monuments alone—scanty and imperfect as these often are—we may be quite sure that he will make a goodly number of mistakes before he has advanced far on his journey.

But the writers before us are evidently neither patient nor judicious. There are certain people quite incapable of fairly appreciating evidence, and others who, at all events, are quite unable to give a fair estimate of any side of a question but their own. They do not often betray themselves so fatally as the writers with whom

we are dealing. These writers start with abuse and scandalous gossip, and they go on and finish with the same. They begin with the Mortara case—which, as usual, is misrepresented—with stories about children excommunicated for not denouncing their parents and getting them imprisoned for using milk or flesh on a fast-day, about the sale of indulgence-bills (whatever they are) and of the indulgences of “privileged altars” at a scudo a piece, about *preti-di-piazza* waiting in the streets for some one to hire them for a Mass, and so on, and they end with gossip equally, or sometimes more, scandalous against the personal character of Popes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; their object being to attribute to the theory of Papal Infallibility that it necessarily demoralises and degrades and corrupts the person who thinks himself to be possessed of such a power. We can only wonder that they did not add the slander that Pius IX. was one of the most immoral of men. The intermediate links of the chain of arguments from history are of kindred metal to the first and the last. If we were to say of the authors before us that they were habitually guilty of deliberate falsification, forgery, invention, fabrication, contempt for history, the corruption of texts and documents, gross ignorance, and unscrupulous cunning, we should not have half exhausted the long catalogue of amenities which they have used either of Popes, or of Papal officials and advocates, or of theologians and writers whose names are among the glories of the Christian Church for sanctity and learning. We must confess that we think the prejudice which language of this sort usually creates against those who use it is just and founded upon experience. We do not trust a single statement of a writer of this stamp that we are not able to verify from other authority, for violence and intemperance are usually inaccurate and not seldom mendacious. In the present case, the reader will be struck with the considerable number of important assertions for which no authority is given. It would require the use of a large library and of some rare books to hunt up the references that *are* given, and we do not profess ourselves to have done so. We have found very little accuracy in

the few for which we have had time to look. What we have found is a number of the oldest and most threadbare of Protestant objections, which have been a hundred times refuted, brought up again as if they were new discoveries, and this in a manner which seems to us to show that they have simply been copied out of hack-books of controversy without reference to the authors quoted.*

We may add as a last remark upon this chapter of the book now under consideration, that a very large portion of it is irrelevant to the issue at stake, and seems to have been heaped up, like the gossiping and anecdotal parts of Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, for no other purpose than to create an invidious feeling. Let the writers before us prove as far as they can that the early centuries contradict the theory of Papal Infallibility. Let them urge to the uttermost the cases that can be made out against Vigilius and Honorius, and let them produce all possible arguments to prove that the False Decretals really introduced a vital change into the discipline of the Church, and that they were used by Rome, with full consciousness of their spuriousness and their contradiction of the ancient discipline, for the purpose of her own aggrandisement. And let them make the most of any apparent contradictions which they can discover between the decisions of one Pope and the decisions of another on matters of faith. Let them point out, if they can, any real ground for supposing that the Council of the Vatican is not as free and as Œcumenical a Council in

* We may give one instance simply for the purpose of illustrating our meaning. Bellarmine argues that the Pope must be infallible, for, if he could "err by prescribing sins and forbidding virtues, the Church would be bound to believe vice to be good and virtue to be evil, unless she chose to sin against her conscience," which is absurd. Protestant controversialists, among whom is Leslie, have had the dishonesty to say that Bellarmine lays down positively as a doctrine what he thus puts hypothetically as an absurdity to prove something else. They are faithfully followed in the volume before us (p. 391). We are there told that Bellarmine goes as far as to maintain that "if the Pope were to err by prescribing vices and forbidding virtues, the Church would be bound," &c. &c. This and other instances appear to us to prove that this part of the work has been compiled by the easy process of collecting all the dirt of the old Protestant controversialists. No one carefully reading Bellarmine for himself with the object of finding out what he really does teach, would so exactly repeat the blunder of his predecessors. Is it quite certain that the book has only been translated in England?

its convocation and composition as others have been whose authority they acknowledge. In doing all this they might serve the cause of truth, because they would present the possible difficulties in the way of Papal Infallibility as they might be presented by the keenest, ablest, and most learned disputant in the theological schools, whose office it was to test the historical evidence to the utmost. A great step is gained when all that can be said on one side of a discussion is well and temperately put, because then the defenders of the other side can see what they have to meet, and it may be said that if they meet it triumphantly nothing more can be brought against their doctrine. But no moderator of a theological discussion would allow invective, declamation, personal abuse, and the imputation of bad motives to form part of the debate, and the introduction of such topics would effectually quench the hope of any profit from controversy so conducted. We hear a good deal just now about the mischief of internal controversies; but it cannot be allowed that they are always of necessity mischievous. Only they are certainly profitless when they are conducted unfairly and with passion, and when personal abuse, charges of mendacity, and the like, are made to do duty for argument. Judged by this principle, page after page of the volume before us ought to be cut out, as consisting simply of utterly irrelevant details as to the vices, supposed or real it matters not, of members of the Roman Curia, as to the evil state of Rome itself as to morality and as to avarice, as to the sale of benefices and places, and other similar topics. These are in the strictest sense of the word—to quote Dr. Newman—"impertinences," and ought to be "carted away" as only tending to obscure the question and to raise prejudice.

The writers of this volume profess to address themselves primarily at least, to Catholics, and to be seriously and earnestly bent on stating historical facts in bar of an important decision which they consider to be impending—if not already more than half enacted—and from which, inconsistently enough, as we think, with any position that a good Catholic can hold, they anticipate the most dis-

astrous results. Never did persons in such a position write in a manner more entirely calculated to defeat their professed object. They have played in Germany the part played by Mr. Whalley in the English Parliament, and the Newdegates of their party, if there are any, may well enough complain of them as tools of the Jesuits. We have stated in this paper the reasons which, as we think, must deprive them even of a chance of being listened to by any right-minded Catholic. At the same time, we see in the book itself, apart from the professed object of its authors, a fresh and most virulent attack on Rome, and, to put it simply, Catholicism. As such it will have its answer in the ordinary course of controversy, and we must repeat our impression that there is very little in it that has not been answered already, and that that little is of no importance at all. As such, also, it is another proof of the force with which Catholic evidences are pressing on the mind of Europe—a force which makes it necessary for the enemies of the Church to give themselves not a moment's respite in their delightful and congenial work of calumniating and reviling her.

7.

With the Red Leaves.

THE year was dying flushed with hectic hues,
And all the western sky was flame of gold,
With purple interchange, beside fresh lakes
Of purest turquoise fading into green.
The crested headlands, clad with russet oaks,
Red beech, and golden-dropping elm and birch,
Lay bathed in filmy light as we two sped
To scent the dying fragrance of the woods.
We two: the Child and Mistress of the house,
Whom I have watched a puling babe, pale elf,
And boyish playfellow; but thence shot up
To all the gracefulness of girlhood's spring—
Now Child, and Friend, and Comrade all in one!
Our way was through a holly-bordered lane,
All hung with scarlet fruitage, spindle-pods
And "Travellers' Joy," below a mat of fern;

Thence upward to the fir wood, thickly strewed
With cones, a noiseless track, whence spiring up
The furrowed, bronze-limbed pines spread dark above,
And swept their harps with mingled ruth and joy.
No word we spoke; we felt, that Child and I,
A kindred need of silence: what availed
Our foolish talk when all around was speech?
Speech of those royal Psalms which sing of God
Among the "goodly cedar trees" and firs,
On mountains hoary and in rushing wind,
When all creation, with its bated breath
Stands mute to hear His word: "Be still, and know
That I am God." So paced we through the wood.
But when we reached its bound and gained the hill—
The limit of our strength—the silence broke
Into a cry of glad surprise; for far
Below our feet the tinted world lay broad,
And richly fertile; folded gradual back
Towards the purple hills and velvet downs,
Towards the wooded weald and wide sea-marge;
Studded with spire and hamlet, park and grange,
With herdmen's cots and homesteads, stacks and barns,
And all the appanage of rural toil.
Beside each hearth were gathered hearts that loved,
That plained and suffered; weaving dark or bright
Their web of light, their warp of silk or wool;
Drinking their cup of failure or of joy;
Waging their fight of victory or dark death.
Below us lay—all steeped in golden sheen—
Bestreaked with rose and purple, mysteries
Beyond all power of speech or written word,
Or poet's heart to feel, or time to solve.
Confessing this, we reverently gazed
On all that silent epic, saying once
And once again, "Be still, for I am God!"

Count von Tilly.

PART THE SECOND.

WE pass now to the events which preceded and attended the fall of Magdeburg. To understand these it is necessary to bear in mind the chief actors of the drama. In May, 1630, Gustavus Adolphus landed in Germany. He relied for supplies of money upon Cardinal Richelieu. This connection at once cut him off from any public attempt at raising a religious war-cry. His own private views show more of the spirit of the conqueror than of the religious enthusiast. "If I am victorious they are my prey," was his saying to those who had his confidence. His relation Bogislav, Duke of Pomerania, could only be brought to espouse his cause by having his capital Stettin treacherously taken and his duchy laid under contribution. Brandenburg was equally indisposed to join the Swede. John George of Saxony was desirous of a peaceful settlement of differences with the Emperor. In fine Adolphus was in danger of perishing from want of German support, or of falling before the victorious troops of Tilly. From the last part of this dilemma he escaped by avoiding battle, from the first part by the unprincipled craft of which he was so consummate a master. The remainder of this article will justify this second charge.

The German Princes themselves were disunited; they distrusted the Emperor and the League, but they disliked the interference of a stranger more. The latter they would not join against their feudal chief, whom however they were unwilling to help in expelling the Swede from the country. In fine, they desired to remain neutral. This did not suit the plans of Adolphus. "He that is not with me is against me," was his motto. His alliance with Richelieu was an obstacle to a declaration to Europe, that he entered Germany as the saviour of the Evangelicals; but it was no obstacle to the secret intrigues of his agents, who went about the country scattering broad-cast appeals to the "only salutary principles of Lutheranism" against the enslaving Antichrist of Rome. He strove to identify Catholicism and the League, so that the acts of the latter might be popularly held as the outcome of the maxims of the former. The

political acts of Ferdinand and the League were to be considered as the injunctions of their religion. And this, be it remembered, was becoming a matter of life and death for the Swedish conqueror. He had been on German soil for some months before he had brought over to his holy cause any place not within the range of his cannon. On the 11th of February, 1631, Neubrandenburg fell through the cowardice of its commandant into the King's hands. On March 14th Tilly was before it. Here was an opportunity for raising the people of Germany on the side of the stranger. The shrewdness of the Swede did not fail to mark it. He had put two regiments into the town, with Kniphausen at their head, to hold it. It was Tilly's custom before an attack to send a trumpeter to summon the place attacked. This he did in the present case. Though the place was unfortified Kniphausen refused to surrender. Tilly then opened fire, and in a short time effected an entrance. By the rules of war in force at the time, and repeatedly acted upon by Adolphus, troops which persisted in holding an untenable position in face of an enemy were put to the sword. Shortly before this Adolphus had hurled down from the battlements a body of men who had defended a town in Mecklenburg against him. The case was the stronger against Kniphausen in the mind of Tilly, as a letter written by the King to his officer, ordering him to leave the place, had fallen into Tilly's hands. Again Tilly summoned the place, and was assisted by the inhabitants, who entreated Kniphausen to yield and to save them from the horrors of a storm. Kniphausen, showing them his *private* instructions, chose to sacrifice himself, his family, his soldiers and the citizens, rather than disobey the strict commands of the King. According to his wont, Tilly gave him a third chance; this, with the answer that his orders did not allow a surrender, was rejected. What was the meaning then of these contradictory letters of the Swede? It cannot be for a moment supposed that Tilly concealed from Kniphausen the intercepted despatch. Doubtless the scheme was formed and executed in order to carry out the more general plan laid down by Gustavus Adolphus himself, of convincing the German people that there can be no union between Catholics and Evangelicals, and that one or the other of them must perish. He strove to rouse the indignation of the people by publishing to the world that Tilly had committed atrocities contrary to the usages of war; though he had given his own testimony to the well-known mildness of the old General but a few months before. He was ready to immolate two regiments of mercenaries in order that the wrath of an outraged people might raise him legions to avenge

their blood. This we learn from accounts written before the revising hand of the unprincipled King had distorted the materials from which the paid writer put together the "authentic" *Soldat Suédois*.

But Gustavus' plan failed: the great General who had grown old with a spotless reputation was not so easily defamed, nor did the calumnies about the fanaticism of an enemy, who was known to be at least as much Protestant as Catholic, gain such easy credence. Shortly after the taking of Neubrandenburg, Tilly appeared before the walls of Magdeburg. This city, from its position on the Elbe, gave the command of that river to the party which was its own possessor, and was therefore one of the first prizes which Gustavus Adolphus strove to win. The internal dissensions arising from the different interests of the imperialist and the Swedish party seemed to be about to put the place into his hands. The town council however, while rejecting his demand that they should admit his troops into the city, were unable to stem the torrent of passions raised in the lower classes by Swedish agents. Under these circumstances Adolphus resolved to occupy Tilly with Magdeburg. If the advantages to be derived from the possession of the town were not to be his, at least there should be those flowing from an obstinate defence, and, if need be, from its ruin. In Magdeburg a large number of his friends had been introduced into the council, and those most hostile to him ousted. The disloyal connection of the town with the invaders, whom they had requested to assist them against the Emperor, their refusal to comply with the demands of Ferdinand to expel the outlawed Christian William of Magdeburg, who had sold himself to the Swedes, and the rebellious attempts of a large section of the lower classes to put the town into the hands of Adolphus, had brought the army of Tilly before their walls. From the beginning of the siege Gustavus Adolphus had assured them, that as truly as he was King in Sweden he would come to their relief, and that he was ready to sacrifice all for his friends. The pledge of his sincerity was the sending of Falkenberg, one of his most trusty officers, who entered Magdeburg about November 20th, 1630. This man was destined to seal the fate of the city; his arrival was the crisis in its history. He appeared before the council, and read to it the letters of his master. He represented that he had been sent to give the citizens the benefit of his experience, and to hold out the town till the King himself raised the blockade, who, he asserted, had told him on his departure that he expected to reach Magdeburg before his officer.

The aged Tilly, too, supposing that the Swede was burnt up with eagerness to avenge his adherents, had more than once offered him battle. He had pursued him up and down the country till his soldiers were foot-sore and weary. Again, after the arrival of Falkenberg in the blockaded city, Tilly leaving Pappenheim to conduct the siege, went in search of Adolphus, who, according to his custom, took shelter behind an entrenched camp in the north-east of the country. Finding all his efforts fruitless, Count Tilly resolved to push on the siege of Magdeburg, where Falkenberg's reputation as a skilful soldier had won for him the whole management of the defence. The fortifications on three sides of the town were deemed impregnable; those in the north alone were in a state of ruin. Here the old wall had been pulled down, and the ditch so far filled up, that a horseman could ride over and reach the main wall. The danger hence arising was so manifest, even to those who knew nothing of war, that the citizens desired that the outer wall should at least be cut off from the inner by a ditch. Falkenberg was blind to the danger, and treated expostulation with contempt. Instead of securing this exposed part, he occupied his men in throwing up scattered outworks beyond the walls, which, as was foreseen by the townsmen, fell before Tilly's first assault. Falkenberg had thrown up a bastion to protect the bridge which formed the town's communication with the right bank of the Elbe. All succours for the town must cross this bridge, which was safe so long as the bastion was held. Tilly was in consequence obliged to divide his forces, and his daily expectation of Gustavus rendered this division a serious drawback to the vigorous prosecution of the blockade. Falkenberg's sudden withdrawal from the bastion smoothed away the difficulty. Thus without a blow Tilly came into the possession of the bridge, and was able to turn all his forces to one object. The dejection within the walls was relieved by Falkenberg's announcement that his royal master had sent word of his presence in Brandenburg, and of his being in full march on Magdeburg. Again he pledged his royal honour to relieve them. This was at the end of April. Two days later one of Tilly's officers was taken prisoner. On him was found an intercepted letter of the Swedish King, of the same import as that to Falkenberg, which Tilly was sending to Pappenheim with the injunction to push the siege as Adolphus was approaching. On the 4th of May the Count called upon the town to surrender, reminding them that the Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg condemned their conduct, and would not therefore assist them.

On the 10th the council answered only to refuse. They relied on the royal word of their ally, that he would on his kingly honour relieve them. On May 16th, Gustavus Adolphus was but two days' march from Magdeburg, and though the road was free and unmolested, he did not move till the city had fallen.

The near approach of the Swede caused great anxiety to Max of Bavaria as well as to the two Generals in the camp. Max repeatedly expressed to Tilly the hope that Magdeburg was in his hands. Tilly on the 14th May wrote: "The King of Sweden is strong: he has just received eight fresh regiments. If he comes against me, as I must hourly expect, I shall be forced to raise the siege and retire to the Weser." Can it be supposed that such a soldier as Gustavus Adolphus was ignorant of Tilly's weakness and inability to resist his attack? On the 18th Tilly summoned the town for the third time. His earnest appeal was not without effect. The council was bent on coming to terms and saving themselves from the horrors attending on the storming. But the Swedish party threatened them with death, and Falkenberg, complaining and expostulating in turns, pointed out the certainty of relief, and the necessity of standing at one's post to the last. As to the first of these points Gustavus Adolphus had repeatedly pledged his word; the propriety of the second depends on attending circumstances. When Tilly sent his third summons it was evident to every citizen that Magdeburg could not resist the storming columns of the enemy. Their only chance of safety lay in the fulfilment of the Swede's promises. This chance was however but as a straw to a drowning man. For Tilly, alarmed by the nearness of the Swedish army, and sensible of the extreme importance of the possession of Magdeburg for his future operations, was determined to fling the whole weight of his army upon that city. Eager, as he always was, to save the town at the last moment from the natural consequences of a successful assault, he had given the wretched inhabitants three different opportunities of safety. By the influence of Falkenberg, and the fanaticism of the bribed preachers and demagogues of the city, these opportunities were thrown away. We cannot for a moment suppose that an experienced soldier like Falkenberg had any good grounds to justify his conduct. He must have known the relative position and strength of Adolphus and Tilly; he knew, what every private citizen of Magdeburg knew, that his neglect of the north side of the walls had made the city in that quarter utterly indefensible; and lastly, he knew at this very time that

there was no powder left in the magazines. This last fact is one of the gravest which the defenders of the Swedish conqueror have to explain. On the 18th of May, barely two days before the capture of the city, and at a time when an assault was hourly expected, it was found that, whereas twenty hundred weight of powder was daily needed to supply the ordnance of the walls, but five hundred weight was left in the magazines, and moreover that the matches were greatly on the decrease.

The question naturally suggests itself, what had become of the powder? And the answer to this question clears Tilly of all blame for the destruction of Magdeburg. The powder had been laid down in mines, and these mines were laid not for military purposes, but for the very object of setting fire to the city. After the ruin of the city, mines were discovered under private houses and towers. One was found to contain as much as five hundred weight of powder. Can it be imagined that such works as these were carried out without the knowledge of Falkenberg? Accordingly, the accounts of the prisoners and all contemporary writers point to Falkenberg as the cause of the whole disaster. He had often impressed upon the inhabitants that, if contrary to all expectation the enemy got into the city, they should set it on fire in order that their opponents might not acquire and enjoy what they had so long hoped for.

This unlooked-for deficiency of powder was not the only suspicious circumstance which occurred in the last days of Magdeburg. It is well known that Pappenheim, the second in command in the besieging lines before the city, received daily communications from traitors within the walls. On the night of May 19th, the eve of the capture, letters of this sort were put into his possession. It is not possible to suppose that these missives were those of a private citizen or of a member of the town-council, or even of a soldier of low rank. They contained information which could only have been known to the leading officers. Information was given as to the strength of the watches, as to the points most strongly guarded, and the hours when the watches left their posts. Falkenberg was not the man to divulge unnecessarily his military arrangements even to his own officers. To do so was in direct antagonism to the leading principles of his master. "The shirt of a good colonel and captain ought not to know what he has in his mind," was one of the vigorous sayings of the Swede. Under these circumstances it cannot but be a matter of great surprise that an experienced man, chosen to direct a critical moment in a great war, should abandon his master's

favourite principles, when the occasion most admitted of and demanded their practical application.

It is foolish to speculate on the retort which the imperialists would have made to a charge of having destroyed Magdeburg. Suffice it that the charge was never made, and that their official reports clearly show that they never conceived its possibility. The grounds of this assertion have been before alluded to: the chief of these grounds are military. It is unnecessary to dwell longer on this thought, as the assumption of the supposed facts forces us to the conclusion that the first General of the day, who had spent more than fifty years in the camp, was blind to an advantage plain to the most uninstructed understanding. All that Count Tilly could do he did to avert the disaster that befel the city. With characteristic mildness he thrice summoned the doomed townspeople: and after his third message the event was precipitated by the impetuous spirit of Pappenheim. The attack was made on three points: only on one of these, that on the north side, which Falkenberg had in his special care, did the assault succeed. The imperial troops were fighting their way into the city bravely opposed by the citizens, when at ten o'clock in the morning every third or fourth house was suddenly wrapped in flames. Dense columns of smoke arose, though the still air was not stirred by a breath of wind. Further and further the fire spread, until within half an hour the whole city was in flames. So speaks explicitly a contemporary account. It were futile to lay this to the charge of a General whose soldiers had only as yet effected a single entrance which was being disputed inch by inch.

Tilly was in the city at an early period of its capture. No sooner did he perceive the flames than he ordered every effort to be made to extinguish them. Separated from the other buildings was a convent occupied by Nuns. Over this the aged General set a special guard, and gave admission to all who could be saved from the fire. "And he himself," says Klopp, "dismounts from his horse, the hoary warrior who had never known a father's joy, lifts a child from the breasts of its murdered mother, and exclaims, while tears roll down his cheeks: "Let this be my booty!" Tilly next turned the cathedral into a place of refuge. He then offered liberty without ransom to all who would assist in putting out the fire. Many, as might be expected, answered the call. Before noon Tilly put a stop to the plundering, and quartered his troops outside the walls.

Though Tilly's efforts to save the city of Magdeburg were unavailing, his name will henceforth, we believe, stand side by

side with that of Wellington for the stern discipline he maintained among his soldiers. The above sketch of his career, extracted from the work of an illustrious German Protestant, which has never been impugned, sufficiently indicates his true character—a character combining the traits peculiar to the hero, the warrior, and the far-seeing politician. Doubtless had Tilly's advice been followed, the great war of the seventeenth century would have closed before the legions of Sweden had blighted a single rood of German soil. Tilly's capacity for command was so far of a higher order than that of other Generals, as his forces were more heterogeneous in their origin. The name of "Father" Tilly proves the affection of his soldiers towards him, while the severity with which he punished arson, murder, and personal violence, made his army the pride of the empire. Facts will outweigh the records of envy and malice; and when we see that the poor and the helpless fled to him for protection, that cities and districts unanimously testify to his kindness, that the inadvertent silence of his enemies bears witness to his personal generosity, and to the discipline of his troops, we may well smile at the paid-for accounts of Tilly given in the *Soldat Suédois* and the *Theatrum Europæum*.

French Latinists under Louis the Fourteenth.

WHATEVER be said of the making of Latin verses considered as a means of education, it will hardly be denied that it is an exercise very pleasurable to the initiated. It in truth happily combines some of the most seemingly discordant of intellectual pleasantnesses. There is the same sort of satisfaction as in working out an interesting equation; as great accuracy of rule; as little room for vague self-approbation in face of facts that do not warrant it; as hearty a pleasure when what has been looked for is caught at last; while over and above this there is the charm which an equation lacks, the charm of dealing with thoughts, of having for subject-matter things of grace and beauty, with sometimes the additional zest of forcing the dead old tongue to lend itself to the treatment of subjects modern and strange to it, of grafting on the astonished old stock *novas frondes et non sua poma*. We should be very far from ranking verse-making very high among intellectual exercises; it is certainly amongst the most agreeable. In England at the present day it is however quite out of favour with the many, and yet at the same time it is perhaps more in honour with the small class of "mystæ" than it ever was with any class of men elsewhere. It is not, to be sure, worshipped by them as men once worshipped it, but it is better understood and more perfectly practised, and in consequence there is a tendency among scholars of this class to look down on former verse-writing, particularly as practised abroad, and to believe that not only as poetry, but also in point of scholarship, the productions of former days were very poor stuff, and the erudition wide-spread rather than deep.

This is, however, we think, far too severe a judgment. The Latinists of former days flew at game far too high for them. They made of verse-writing a serious occupation, instead of what it should be, an intellectual diversion. They carried their admiration of the practice to an absurd height. They overdosed the world with its productions, and the world has in revenge forgotten them, relegated their works to the dust of its top shelves, and so made it possible that after the lapse of years they should

be considered deficient in that which they cultivated and honoured beyond all things of this world—and sometimes of Heaven besides. The ascendancy of Latin verse is in truth a forgotten or but partially remembered chapter of history, and by no means an uninteresting one, revealing as it does a state of mind and taste so immeasurably removed from ours.

In England, said now to be the one country of the earth where it is honoured at all,* verse making never received its full honours. English literature developed early, and so won the affections of the nation as to tolerate no rival. Accordingly, during the days when the chief wit or writer of the day was here as elsewhere a sort of demigod, he was always a writer of English. Dryden, Addison, and Pope, feared no rival in the shape of a Latin versifier. In school and college indeed Latin verse was honoured as it is honoured still, but beyond the limits of school and college the Muse seldom strayed. Sir T. More, Crashaw, Milton, Addison, Gray, and other exceptional cases occur to the mind, but those most ready to sneer at the practice never charged it on an extensive class. Witness the pedagogue's lament in the "Dunciad":

Pity the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost, too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Wyndham every Muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk and was a wit no more,
How sweet an Ovid Murray was our-boast,
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost.†

How different was the state of things abroad! Italy, which has a patriotic connection with the Latin tongue, went fairly Latin-mad at the renaissance, crowned successful bards by the hands of its senates with laurel crowns, and almost worshipped Petrarch for his now forgotten epic. Nor did the passion speedily die out. Till the universal upturning of all things at the end of the last century it was exceeding vigorous, and still in fact flourishes not a little; while amongst the votaries it has given to verse-writing are men of all ranks up to the Papacy.‡ Yet it was not in Italy that Latin verse reached its highest honour. It was, Mr. Farrar

* *Essays on a Liberal Education.*

† iv. 165-70. Scotland showed more honour to Latin verse than England. The *Delicie Poetarum Scotorum*, published in 1637, contains poems by thirty-seven authors, and it may be satisfactory to Scotchmen to know that the chief of them, George Buchanan, was spoken of in France as "*Poetarum nostri sæculi facile princeps*," on the title-page to an edition of his works at Paris.

‡ Urban VIII. was the author of a volume of Latin poems, some at least of which were first published during his Pontificate.

thinks, in Portugal: * we should rather say in France. In behalf of the former country witnesses can be called in the shape of "seven quarto volumes that enshrine the remains of fifty-nine poets;" but on the other hand we may bring forward a list now before us, which, dealing only with the age of Louis XIV., and with the more illustrious poets in it, yet names a hundred and five. Nor is this all. Latin verse ambitioned in France, and for a time seemed to gain, a position not thought of elsewhere. It claimed to reign not along with, but instead of, vernacular poetry; to be not a garden plant, but the material of forests; not an accomplishment, but the staple of a literature. In France, then, we may best study its reign, and here too we find a useful guide ready to hand to aid us to shape the *disjecta membra* of our subject into something of a whole, namely, the Abbé Vissac in his "Latin Verse in France during the age of Louis XIV.,"† a work valuable not only for its classification of the literature, and for its catalogues of authors and of their works, but also for numberless little anecdotes and facts that serve as straws to show how the wind blew; to let us see not only what the writers wrote, but also what the public thought of it; without a knowledge of which point we should but half understand the subject.

Scholastic institutions then, in the days of Louis XIV. were, of course, almost without exception, given over to the Muses. Latin verse was the object of daily practice, of ambition, and admiration. The best maker of verses was the cock of the school; when a verse author of repute came on a visit a holiday was granted to look at him; whenever the school or college appeared in public it was in verse; for recreation the pupils witnessed Latin plays; all the great events of contemporary history they sang in Latin. And almost every event was thought great enough to set Hippocrene a-running. A victory, a truce, the birth of a prince, or the the death of a princess, called forth *epinicia*, *genethliaca*, *epicedia*, throughout the length and breadth of the land.‡ And besides such occasions there were local events of the same complexion to furnish their matter to local Muses, the creations, the deaths, the visits of Bishops, or the events in the family of the local Seigneur. To be ready for any of these, boys had to be constantly practised in all the varieties of song

* *Essays on a Liberal Education*, p. 237.

† *De la poésie Latine en France au siècle de Louis XIV.* Paris, Aug. Durand. 1862.

‡ Just as in England Campion welcomed Mary to the throne in the name of the schools of London.

which they severally required. They were to be ready at any moment to undertake, besides the species above incidentally mentioned, Propemptica, Soteria, Inauguralia, Nœniæ, Pompæ Funebres, Epithalamia, and Epitaphs, to say nothing of Eclogues, Idyls, Elegies, Satires, Odes, Epigrams, and such poetic diversions as Echo, Cento, or Versus Monosyllabi, Correlativi, Leonini, Serpentine, Retrogradi, and Cancri. And the *juvenilis visus musæ* were put before the public not only by declamation at exhibitions, and commemorations, and other great occasions, but more widely and enduringly by being printed and published. Not mere selections from the productions of a long series of years, as our *Arundines Cami* or *Musæ Etonenses*, but all the productions on some set occasions; all the addresses of welcome to this Prince-Bishop, or of lament for that defunct warrior, were sent out; or sometimes, again, the verse performances of such a class in such a year. There must have been at least some good verse where such a course was possible.

The colleges which took the lead in all this were those of the Jesuits, and unquestionably the dominion of Latin verse in France was owing very specially to the number of institutions there belonging to this Order. Its members were strictly enjoined not to be satisfied to act as grindstones to their pupils' wit, but to aim at excellence in composition themselves and to fire by imitation. Accordingly they set to work with what was soon a traditional spirit amongst them, to make themselves scholars and poets; and they were further enjoined not to spare printer's ink in making known the fruit of their labours. They had also almost wholly in their hands an important class of literature, the dramatic. It was in their schools chiefly, if not solely, that the boys were recreated on great occasions with Latin plays, composed for them by their masters, and generally afterwards published.

In school and college, then, the making of Latin verse ran little chance of being forgotten, but school and college do not accurately mirror the world of men. No; but in this case the world differed from school and college, not by being behind-hand in zeal for Latin verse, but by claiming to be before them in Latinity. The men of school and college were in the phraseology of the time "inhabitants of *Lower Latium*;" the upper and serener regions were reserved for those whose taste was not degraded by the drudgery of teaching. It was loudly proclaimed in fact that the triumph of good taste and good scholarship required the total expulsion from Parnassus of the pedagogue element. When

such language was possible there must have been a wide-spread and well-known body of Latinists throughout the land. In fact, on the said Parnassus every rank was, as in Italy, represented. Of the Clergy there were Bishops and Cardinals, while Priests both Secular and Regular published by scores. Physicians were great poets—they claimed an hereditary right to be so; for was not Œsculapius the son of Apollo? Lawyers begged permission to vary the dry pursuits of Themis with the sweet inspirations of the Muses. Men of letters of course fell in with so literary a stream; Chancellors and Presidents swelled the tide,—till one who defended the cause of Latin verse during its decline in the eighteenth century, dared to deny that during the age preceding the author of any one work likely to be immortal had been free from at least the ambition of making verses.

The writers then were legion; and their writing was but the result of previous reading. They were brimming over with Virgil and Horace, Ovid and Martial; they knew them by heart, and spoke in their words not only when composing, but in the ordinary occurrences of life. One having fallen asleep during *Tenebræ* in Holy Week, when he awoke and found it at an end, exclaimed with Martial that this was truly the sleep, "*qui faciat breves tenebras.*" In the same poet another offered to find a verse suitable to whatever subject was named to him; and when his challenge was taken he fulfilled his promise on the spot. A third consoled himself during a long Ash Wednesday sermon by muttering with Virgil—

*Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt; **

while a doctor of the anti-tobacco belief sustaining his opinions in public thesis glided naturally into Horace and mythology: "*Illi robur et æs triplex circa pectus erat qui tabaci fumum voluit experiri,*" after which he went on to denounce the weed, as "*cicutis nocentius,*" the pouch as Pandora's box, the pipe as a tube of Styx.

This being their frame of mind, verse-writing became easy, and accordingly on all occasions they wrote verses. The departure of a friend, or his return from a journey, his sickness or his recovery, a birth or a death, an invitation to dinner, or the giving of a reproof—all alike furnished occasion for an Ode, an Idyl, or an Epigram; Eclogues too, and Elegies and Fables flowed from their ready pens for no other reason than that their flowing

* Georg. iv. 87-8.

pleased. For the authors really liked the work far more probably than do those who build up a nobler edifice. We much doubt if the writers of immortal works really enjoy their composition. They have that in them which they must bring out, but the parturition is painful. The greatest living master of English prose tells us how by his experience the labour of careful writing is "like nothing so much as physical pain;"* and not to seek more witnesses to the same effect, we know of that very Horace, whom so many of our versifiers strove to follow, how he hated the task of composition, how he deliberately asked—

—Quod non desit habentem
Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem quam scribere versus?†

He did not, to be sure, mean this to be taken literally; he amused himself with poetical invitations and what not, but not nearly to the same extent as his imitators; nor can we ever find in him such expressions of love for the art as we find in them;

Ipsius ut versus tactus dulcedine ducor,

sang the French Vanière; and again in another place—

—Veluti nemorum volucris per inhospita, dulces
Fundit ab ore sonos, et sibi sola canit,
Sic animo vates indulget, seque beatum
Esse putat soli si placet ipse sibi.

And so celebrated and successful a writer of French as Balzac talks of his having taken to verse-writing in his old age, that he might not die "*tantæ expers suavitatis*."

This might seem to be enough, but it is not all. They were not satisfied to write for the sake of writing, they aimed too at the accomplishment of great works by means of such composition. As we have before incidentally remarked, many French scholars sought to exalt Latin over French poetry. They had conceived a profound—perhaps not altogether an unreasonable—distrust for the powers of their own language as a vehicle of poetry; they thought, as so many foreigners still think, French verse weak and insipid. In fact in reading it, one of them‡ declared he felt "as if drinking water," strong language, as Vissac observes, in the mouth of one who was as devout a client of Bacchus as of the Muses.

Nor was this opinion abandoned even in force of productions whose honour still remains. The Jesuit Commire encouraging a

* Newman. Preface to *Lectures on University Education*.

† Ep. ii., 2, 52-4.

‡ Nicholas Bourbon.

fellow-bard who was disheartened by the success attending the works of Ronsard, Desportes, Malherbe, Voiture, and others, speaks thus disparagingly of the enemy—

—Quas nunc misere anxius
Scriptor querere amat delicias, brevi
Usus si volet insolens
Spretas rejiciet non sine nausea.

At certus Latiis honos,
Et vani haud metuens tædia sæculi,
Perstat gratia vatibus.*

With this belief they set to compose in Latin, Epics, Didactic and Philosophical Poems, Tragedies, as before remarked, and whatever else might be expected of men who did not shrink from these. The Epics were chiefly on sacred subjects, and were tolerably numerous; but, as might have been expected, not many succeeded where Virgil had failed. There was a *Mauritias* by Father Cellot; a *Moyes Viator* by Father Millieu; a *Constantinus* by Father Mambun; an *Ignatias*, or part of one, by Father Lebrun; a *Xaverius Thaumaturgus* by Father Frizon; a *Scanderberg* and a *Pucelle* by Father Bussièrè (all Jesuits). There were besides a *Bourbonias* by Remi; a canto of an *Enguinneis* by Du May; an *Henricias* by Quillet; an Epic of which Charles Martel was the hero, by Boissat, surnamed l'Esprit, and many more.† An Epic—and especially a sacred epic—presented many technical difficulties to those attempting to write it in Latin, over and above the many enormous difficulties that must always confront those who attempt to write one at all. All the machinery of a heathen epic was out of place; and yet how could a poet modelling himself on Virgil do without it? Accordingly we find some strange confusions. In *Moyes*, Parnassus and the Muses are jumbled up with Sinai and Miriam, Phlegethon and the Shades with Limbo, and the Gorgons with Satan. Father Millieu seems however to have had in other respects strange notion as to the poetic fitness of things. It is a somewhat jarring passage of the *Iliad*, where Hephæstus broils the River-god Xanthus, and where—

τίροντ' ἐγχέλυες τε καὶ ἰχθύες οἱ κατὰ δῖνας,
οἳ κατὰ καλὰ ρέεθρα κυβίστων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
πνοιῇ τεύρεται πολυμήτιος Ἡφαίστοιο.‡

* Commirū poemata i. p. 213. ad Santolium.

† We know of at least one Latin Epic by an Englishman, *Christiades* Lib. xvii., by Clarke; but as he was a Carthusian Monk, and published at Bruges, we can hardly take it as a proof of English tastes.

‡ Il. xxi., 353—5.

Yet this is nothing to the part that the fish are made to play in the *Moses*. We have seen an old print of the crossing of the Red Sea where, as the waters form a wall on either hand of the Israelites the inhabitants of the waters put their heads out to see what is going on. This idea Father Millieu not only adopted but improved upon:—

Hinc inde attoniti liquido stant marmore pisces,
Excelsosque natant scopulos; si forte ferantur
In transversa, cadunt pelagi de montibus altis
Præcipites, cæcæque vadi illidunt arena.

And when the Israelites are through the Red Sea, Moses teaching his Canticle to the people is represented as dividing them into two choirs, and beating time in the middle!

Tragedies, as they were more numerous, were also more successful. They also were for the most part on sacred subjects. We have already said that they were almost always by Jesuits.* Mr. Parker in his essay on the history of classical education,† briefly dismisses the dramatic compositions of this order as plays, “in which naughty boys, ghosts, drunkards, and devils supplied the excitement necessary to please.” It would be about as fair to describe Goldsmith as the author of “Goody Two-Shoes.” Not even in comedy could this fairly be called the Jesuit style. In fact what comedies of theirs we have come across are as far removed from such puerility as from resemblance to those ponderous pieces of pleasantry acted at the Universities in the days of Elizabeth, in which Subjunctive and Optative contended for the possession of Particle ‘*Av*, and Solecism came to grief. Here is the preface of one of the most celebrated Jesuit comedies to the first of his plays:—

Errant, qui ad vulgi risum, aut leves jocos
Tantummodo accommodas esse Comœdias putant;
Nam Comœdia imago vitæ est, ac civile speculum;

Quo si urbani tales accedunt, et facetiæ
Quæ fabulam condiant, quid utilius Comœdia?
Nam ea magis afficiunt, quæ sensim et lepide,
Quam quæ aperta fronte et severius exhibes.‡

The introduction of devils would be, we should think, doing things *aperta fronte* indeed. What the Jesuits did refuse to imitate,

* Not always. Grotius wrote one *Adamus Exsul*, from which Milton probably borrowed.

† *Essays on a Liberal Education*, p. 42.

‡ Du Cygne, *Comœdiæ* i. p. 5.

in the ordinary practice of the stage, was the banishment of history in favour of the "frivolous intrigues of gallants."* Accordingly even in comedy they strove to be historical. The author already quoted, for instance, takes as his subject the story of the "Seven Sleepers" and their bewilderment on awaking in the reign of the Second Theodosius after falling asleep during the Decian persecution; or some of the hardships and trials undergone by the Saints in the accomplishment of their works; or again, a tale of a slave amongst the Turks; or that of a happy open-handed cobbler changed by a freak of fortune into a morose miserly millionaire. Nor were even comedies such as these the general employment of Jesuit dramatists. They generally flew at the higher game of tragedy—tragedy as serious and ambitious as that of Seneca, with subjects here of course taken exclusively from history, the struggles of the early Church, the history of Joseph or of David, or perhaps the fall of Carthage, or the judgment of Brutus. The unities they of course religiously observed both as Classicists and as Frenchmen, and this at once confined their possible success to the statuesque grandeur of their models. When to this we add the fact that neither was Greek the language nor Sophocles the writer we shall probably be prepared for failure. Yet there seems to have been no small amount of success. Admission to the performances was eagerly sought, not merely by the boys for whom they were meant, but by men of the world; Louis XIV. himself at the age of twelve went to see a piece of unusual celebrity, and was delighted with it. The audience, we are told, frequently testified their appreciation by their applause, and sometimes more emphatically by their tears. So great was the honour paid to a successful author that when Father Vanière came to Paris the King had a gold medal struck in his honour.

Yet perhaps even more than in tragedy was the Latin Muse successful in Didactic and Philosophical Poetry, and here more than in any other department did she show herself wonderfully versatile. To every subject, however new to her, she lent her strains: Cartesian philosophy, gravitation, eclipses, hare-hunting, horse-racing, tea, painting, magnetism, earthquakes, comets, gunpowder, silkworms, poultry, butterflies, the blowpipe, nothing came amiss, and there was small danger of any invention or inventor being the victim of oblivion merely from the want of a *vates sacer*. Besides all this there were nondescript poems of all sorts; spiritual Georgics, in which the soul was the field, and virtues were the crops;

* *Mémoires de Trévoux*, Feb. 1702. Vissac, p. 122.

spiritual Eclogues from the life of our Lady; Bucolics, in which David and Jesse displaced Tityrus and Melibæus, and in which the name of the Sibyl gave occasion for pourtraying in the light of history what Virgil had darkly put together from scraps of prophecy.

Yet even here, where it was so much less objectionable, poetry found the mythology of the ancients a *damnosa hereditas*, David was clogged by, and would persist in wearing the armour of Saul; the unclassical subject laboured under the machinery of Olympus. Even when singing the triumphs and discoveries of science poets could not be content to sing simply those to whom triumph and discovery were due. Whatever the theme, from the discovery of gravitation to the discovery of coffee, their praise is hardly so much for Newton or Van Hoorn as for Mercury and Vulcan. Even where we might at least have expected orthodoxy, in a poem against the Jansenist heresy the author falls into Paganism—

*Di prohibete minas, sævumque in Tartara pestem
Et regno precor et toto detrudite mundo.*

So far we have spoken but of the success or failure of each style of poetry as a style, a word must be said as to the merit of the verse in each, which might indeed seem to be our main subject. This question it is difficult—nay impossible—to answer fully, as it certainly is impossible for any one now to pronounce authoritatively on the sound to Roman ears of any given piece of Latin. Livy we think perfect in style, and yet Romans thought him provincial; and so Boileau thought that in the most finished modern productions Augustan ears would have detected ludicrous improprieties. Mr. Farrar goes further. He considers that hardly a poem has been produced in modern days which even a Bavius or a Mævius would have owned without a blush.* This is absurd; yet we must be chary of giving an absolute verdict on such a subject. Speakly relatively, however, of poems as poems go, we shall say that those under our notice sin negatively rather than positively; there are few flagrant faults and absurdities, but there are also few salient beauties; insipidity is rather the flavour of the literature. There was a great deal too much of the *stans pede in uno* style of writing, far too little of the *limæ labor*. Men were fond of displaying their facility of composition, by pouring out verses in great numbers in a small space of time. Quality of course suffered; and in print, while we see the quality, we do not witness the speed. But with all this

* *Royal Institution Lecture on Public School Education*, p. 31.

there is much that is good; much good Latin as far as we can judge, much good verse, much that is poetical, and very much scholarship. Of this last we must confess there is to our liking even too much. We cannot appreciate the operation of piecing together a poem from a number of Virgilian or Horatian tags and centos. Even in the case of boys writing verses—here we are certainly in a minority—we cannot like the process, but when men are professing to compose *poems* it seems simply abominable. Poetry should be of all effusions the most original, it should speak most of its author; such a process kills originality outright; it makes us work not with thoughts but with words alone. But whatever be the merits of the custom it certainly obtained largely amongst the French writers. We have before remarked that their classical priming set them off on all occasions. They were not content, as Denham said Cowley was, to wear the garb without wearing the clothes of the ancients. In some cases, for instance in the poems of Hossius, a column parallel to the poem is always devoted to the passage under imitation, and in this column the gaps are neither wide nor many. In other cases we can hardly open at a passage which we do not recognise without such aid. Take as an instance perhaps the most successful of the Didactic poems, Father Rapin's *De Hortis*, which was meant as a compliance with Virgil's hint when mentioning that subject that he has no time to do more—

Verum hac ipse equidem spatiis exclusus iniquis
Prætereo atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo.*

Thus taken up, the work was strictly an imitation of the Georgics, so strictly indeed that we meet in it old friends with slightly new faces at every turn. We take an instance or two almost at random. First the opening, like Virgil's opening as to phræscology, as it is like it in setting forth the great branches of the subject—

Qui cultus lætis felices floribus hortos
Efficiat; melior nemori quæ forma serendo;
Ducendæ quis aquæ; quis fructibus usus habendis;
Et canere, et cantu totum vulgare per orbem
Aggredior.

Talking of the beauties of spring—

Non illo quisquam me tempore durus in urbem
Ire velit, jubeatque meo discedere rure.†

* Georg. iv.

† —Non illa quisquam me nocte per altum
Ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.—Georg. i. 456-7.

Or again—

Multum adeo rutili precibus qui lumina solis
Conciliat, placetque Deum, juvat arva, neque illum
Nequidquam coelo Phœbus spectabit ab alto.*

Sometimes imitation was yet more servile. The Abbé Flechier thus describes a sentinel keeping back a too forward mob within a barrier—

At tristis custos nunc hos nunc *dejicit* illos.

Some authors even composed whole poems professedly in Virgilian centos.

But if we wish to see the Latin Muse to advantage we must look elsewhere than in these her ambitious efforts, in which sooth to say she was sadly beyond her depth. We must look to such minor works as inscriptions and epigrams. That these *are* minor, except in point of bulk, many have denied. South, we know, considered an epigram as difficult of accomplishment as an epic; and in France, Father Rapin thought that the man should die content who had made one good one. Those who poured them forth by scores did not, of course, quite agree with this verdict, which may certainly be considered excessive in its severity. Yet no doubt more than half of the published epigrams, even of the most successful authors, were better done without. Too many forgot the rule—

Omne epigramma sit instar apis; sit aculeus illi;
Sint sua mella; sit et corporis exigui;

and too often the epigram had neither point nor honey, but had bulk. Yet with all this there was much that was pleasing and successful; Parnassus was not so much in the way, and nature had a chance. We will conclude for the present with a few specimens of the minor genera of poems. For inscriptions the Latin tongue is specially adapted, and in inscription the Latinists won some of their most unquestionable triumphs; though we do not remember in the field we are now studying anything so striking as the epitaph on Franklin—

Eripuit Cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

Santeuil was the most successful French writer of inscriptions; that on the fountain by the gate of St. Denis was by him—

Nympha triumphalem sublimi fornice portam
Admirata suis garrula plaudet aquis.

* Multum adeo rastris glebas qui frangit inertes
Vimeneasque trahit crates, juvat arva, neque illum
Flava Ceres alto nequidquam spectat Olympo.—Georg. i. 94-6

And that on the dial of the courts of justice—

Tempora labuntur, rapidis fugientibus horis ;
Æternæ hic leges fixaque jura manent.

On the royal arsenal was an inscription, by an unknown author, much, we think excessively, admired—

Ætna hac Henrico Vulcania tela ministrat,
Tela gigantæos debellatura furores.

For the *Louvre*, Du Perrier proposed with due flattery—

Attonitis inhians oculis quam suspicis hospes,
Magna quidem, domino non tamen æqua domus.

In fact when the Muse came into the presence of *le grand monarque* there was danger of her forgetting to be poetical in striving to be adulatory. The following inscription, proposed by Ménage for the royal library, is wretchedly weak and pointless:

Qui tot Mavorti posuit memoranda tropæa
Has Phœbo et Musis Ludovicus consecrat ædes.

Perhaps the happiest inscription of all was a simple quotation. On the medal struck on occasion of the founding of the observatory we read (it would we think have been still more apropos on a telescope)—

—Sic itur ad astra.

As to epigrams, a kindred species, what we have quoted will give idea enough, but we are tempted to add a specimen or two more. The Jesuit Vavasour had pressed Ménage to write epigrams. Ménage replied: --

Epigrammata factitare bella
Frustra tot monitis doces, Vavassor :
Argutis, lepidis et eruditis,
Deterres epigrammatum libellis.

Here is the same author's song of triumph over the Elzevir edition of his works:—

Quid rerum video ? O Dii Deteque !
Nostros scilicet Elzevirianis
Excusos video typis libellos !
O typos lepidos et elegantes !
O comptum et lepidum novum volumen !
Atro litterulæ picem colore
Et candore nives papyrus æquat.

Epigrams with stings were also not uncommon. A very audacious one was sometimes thought worthy of the Bastille. We can only hope that one of the most celebrated amongst them may not be applied to what we must confess to be our trifling and unsatisfactory sketch of a large subject:—

Paule, tuum inscribis nugarum nomine librum
In toto libro nil melius titulo.

The Basilica of St. Peter.

PART THE SECOND.

As in a dissolving view which represents the same object under different aspects, the leading features are continued through and survive the transposition, so there are two classes of objects, which, by retaining in the modern Basilica of St. Peter, all that importance which they held in the ancient Basilica, form, along with the Confession, a connecting link between the two. The first of these is the "Cathedra Petri," or actual chair in which the holy Apostle fulfilled the more solemn offices of his Apostolic ministry, when he came to Rome to plant there the Holy See and to shed his blood for the faith of Christ. We can but describe it briefly, and give the history of the position it occupied within the ancient Basilica, without discussing the question as to its origin or identity. According to the descriptions of Torrigio, of Febei, and of Cardinal Wiseman, the general appearance of the chair of St. Peter suggests that it was a curule chair, presented very likely to the Apostle by some senator of opulence whose property it had been. The form of the seat is quadrangular, its width is four Roman palms, its depth a little more than two palms and a half, its height from the ground three palms and a half. The length of the back is between five and six palms, and the supports are about four fingers thick, and are bound together by bars of iron. The upper part of the back is composed of a cornice, above which rises a triangular front or moulding; below it are rows of small columns dividing the whole back into eighteen compartments in three ranks, each column being one palm two inches in length, while the little arches formed between these are two palms and a half long; similar columns and arches form the two sides. The chair is encrusted with ornaments of the most costly and exquisite workmanship in ivory and metal, and each compartment contains a bas-relief in ivory executed with marvellous finish, and representing some achievement of Hercules. In this chair it was always the custom for the newly-elected Pope to be placed on the day of his enthronement, until the removal of the Papal residence to Avignon, after its return from which place this, along with many other ancient customs, was laid aside. At one time the Chair of St. Peter stood near the entrance of the Basilica. Adrian I., in the year 772, removed it to a chapel within the left-hand transept. Having been placed in considerable danger of destruction by fire, it was for greater safety transferred to the

sacristy of the Basilica. Whilst kept there it was, on the greater Feasts, surrounded by candles and incense, and carried by Canons into the choir, where it was exposed for the veneration of the Faithful. Finally, Alexander III. had a rich receptacle in bronze designed for it, and raised it to its present relative position, namely, behind the high altar.

Nor may we omit to mention the greater relics of St. Peter's, which are at the present moment such prominent objects of veneration. The Veil of Veronica, or of the Holy Face, was brought to Rome in the very first era of Christianity and has never been taken from it. Pope John III., in the beginning of the eighth century, erected an altar for its reception close to the entrance of the Basilica in the nearest right-hand aisle.

The relic of the Holy Cross rested over the altar which we have already described as prepared for it by Pope Symmachus in 498. The Emperor Justinian presented for its reception a very splendid reliquary.

The Sacred Lance was found by St. Helena beneath the surface of Mount Calvary, where it was buried along with the Cross itself, and it remained at Jerusalem till the end of the eighth century. In the invasion of Palestine it was rescued and taken to Constantinople, and preserved in the Church of St. Sophia, where by some accident it was broken. The upper part, after being sold by the Latin Emperor of Constantinople to some Venetians, was recovered from them by Louis of France, and placed in the famous Sainte Chapelle. The lower part was still preserved at Constantinople, and was presented by Mahomet II. to Innocent VIII. Benedict XIV. compared a careful drawing of the part of the relic in Paris with that which he now possessed, and found that the parts fitted exactly together. The Pope kept the relic till his death in his own chamber, when it was transferred to the Basilica and placed in a sumptuous chapel, already described by us as being at the left-hand corner of the nave, nearly in front of the choir.

As though the main structure of the Basilica were wholly insufficient to do complete honour to St. Peter, to contain all the gifts and relics that were to be gathered round his shrine, or to satiate the devotion of future worshippers, many a large and rich side-chapel clustered round the exterior walls, like suckers round about a tree, or like the crystallisations that form themselves upon a solid substance. These, in every variety of size and shape, skirted the exterior walls of the nave on both sides, and were, indeed, too numerous to be described in any detail. We may, however, enumerate them, before we tell how their removal was one of the first steps towards the erection of the modern Basilica. Behind the tenth pillar on the left, or north, side stood a large choir chapel which was entered from the Basilica. The very rich altar of this chapel was dedicated to the Conception of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, to St. Francis of Assisi, and to St. Anthony of

Padua, beautiful pictures of whom, and of the two great Apostles, were admired as masterpieces of Perugino and of Baldassar Peruzzi. In the extremity of the north transept a large doorway admitted to an oblong chapel extending along the width of the transept, dedicated to the Archangel Michael. Within it stood three altars in a straight line—that in the middle was the altar of St. Andrew, the farther altar in the apse to the right was called after St. Michael, the altar in the apse to the left was erected in honour of St. Ursula and her companions. This chapel formed the vestibule into a large round church originally detached from the Basilica, and so totally different from it in character that many suspect its origin to have been Pagan. This chapel bore the name of St. Petronilla, and was divided into eight furrows or spaces for altars, by eight ridges or advanced pilasters. Of these open spaces, the second to the left formed a passage which led into another chapel similar in shape and arrangement, exactly as in pictures of coins two are drawn with a broad ligature binding them together, to show that they represent the face and the reverse of the same coin. This second chapel was dedicated to St. Andrew, and both it and that of St. Petronilla were lighted from a drum-shaped dome, of which the sides were pierced with eight upright windows. In the centre of the connecting passage stood an altar of special interest, as beneath it rested the relics of St. John Chrysostom. It was of noble proportions, was decorated with four splendid columns of porphyry, and was surrounded by a balustrade of iron-work. The circular chapels we have described were certainly not Pagan but Christian in origin, and it was highly unlikely they could have existed before the time of Constantine, as in that case he would have removed them when he cleared all the neighbouring space for the erection of his Basilica. It is really impossible they could have owed their origin to Nero or to any Pagan Emperor, as they stood close to the obelisk in the centre of his circus, and would have been unsightly and useless obstructions in the way of every pageant or game attempted in it. The Church of St. Petronilla had been, in fact, the mausoleum of Maria, wife of the Emperor Honorius, as we are told in the life of Stephen II., "Juxta Bas. S. Petri Ap. in loco qui in Mosileos appellatur Bas. in honorem S. Petronillæ fecit;" and in the life of St. Leo III. that church is called the Mosileum. The chapel of St. Andrew, called also of Sta. Maria della Febbre, was the original work of Pope Symmachus, elected in 498, in the narrative of whose life we read: "Hic fecit multas basilicas, basilicam S. Andreae Apostoli apud Beatum Petrum." While with greater precision, Pietro Mallio and the author of a work entitled *De Mirabilibus Urbis Romæ* tell us that this chapel of St. Andrew was built close to the chapel of St. Petronilla, on the ancient vestiarius of Nero, and that it stood by the very side of that which is the *Memoria Cæsaris, id est Aguglia*—the obelisk namely, which almost touched the outer wall of the round chapel of

St. Andrew. Grimaldi calls the two chapels we speak of, *Bina Mausolea. sive templa rotunda.*

One other mausoleum having been actually attached to the external wall of St. Peter's, has a sort of claim to be noticed by us as the last point in our description. This was the mausoleum of Anicius Probus, built by his wife Proba Fallonina to receive his remains. Probus was the most celebrated man of his time for his riches, his influence, and his magnificence; and his fame travelled into many distant countries. He was magistrate over Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and the adjacent isles, and over part of Africa. He had three sons, each of whom held the consulship, and his virtues were commemorated in song by the poets Claudianus and Ausonius. It is he who used the prophetic words regarding St. Ambrose: "Go and act the part of a Bishop rather than of a judge," And, while still a Pagan, he was so perfectly instructed in philosophic science and of so great moderation and rectitude of mind, that Constantine appointed him to be judge between the orthodox Catholics on the one side, and the Arians and Sabellians on the other; nor did he deceive the confidence placed in him. Maffeo Vegio, Canon of St. Peter's, after close examination of the mausoleum shortly before its demolition, describes the tomb as worthy of so great a man. A double row of six columns divided the whole into three naves, and four columns were placed in the apse; all the interior had been richly covered with mosaics. The bodies of Probus and his wife were enclosed beneath the pavement in a magnificent case, retaining traces of very elaborate painting, and having within it ashes and the remains of golden ornaments.

But notwithstanding the help of all these external buildings which served as irregular buttresses, the ancient Basilica of St. Peter erected by the Emperor Constantine and begun by him in the year 325, having lasted for about 1,020 years, began in the year 1346 to show unmistakable signs of decay. These had first manifested themselves on the north side, the wall of which had been built upon the ancient foundations of the circus of Nero or Caligula, and now threatened to bring down the whole edifice in ruins. This state of the ancient glory of Rome placed the reigning Pope in a great dilemma. He could not allow the fine old Basilica to sink to the ground a mass of ruins, involving in its fall disgrace to the Holy See and scandal amongst the people; but then neither could he hope for the means or the leisure to erect a fitting successor to it, in the disturbed condition at that time of all Europe, of Italy itself, and more especially of the Papal States. And so, during fully one hundred years more, the only remedy attempted was to patch up the crumbling edifice as best it could be done. But neither time nor tide will wait for man, and so neither will the effects of time or of the elements, and it became only too certain that within a few years there must be either a new Basilica, completely rebuilt,

or else no Basilica of St. Peter at all. In this juncture the reigning Pope was Nicholas V., a man of lofty mind and of great and noble ideas. He was the first to meditate seriously the plan of building a new Basilica, and he formed in his mind the conception of something so vast and magnificent that Vasari characterises it as a conception to be more prudently passed over in silence than discussed. Undismayed, however, by the wars in Europe, by the rival factions in Italy, the spoliations within the States of the Church, the contentions going on between Venetians, Genoese, and Florentines, or the exhausted funds of the Pontifical treasury, Nicholas V.—in face even of the threatened invasion of the Turks—summoned to consultation with him the two great architects of the day, Bernard Rossellini and John Baptist Alberti, that he might obtain designs from them for a new Basilica. The design of Rossellini having been chosen, he at once set about putting it in execution on the 24th of March, 1455. The mausoleum of Probus attached to the outside of the apse of the Basilica then standing was pulled down, its rubbish was cleared away, and the walls of a new tribune had risen three feet above the level of the ground, when the hand that had directed the beginning of a grand and successful work was stiffened in death, and the hopes of a new Basilica seemed to have been paralysed along with it.

Seven Popes somewhat rapidly succeeded each other, and still the works remained suspended. Nay, a forlorn hope seems to have been turned in very despair towards the ancient pile, now yielding so fast before the wear of eleven centuries; for not only was its repair attempted once more, but an organ was erected in it, a magnificent chapel built, the steps in front of it were restored and decorated for the first time with statues of St. Peter and St. Paul at either extremity, two new chapels were added, that of the choir being raised from the foundations and embellished with mosaics, paintings, and gilding—nay, a fourth chapel was built, and the loggia whence the Papal Benediction used to be given was completed. But this dressing up of what was, so to speak, a dead body, could only blind the eye for a time to the fatal decay that had eaten into its very life, and the eighth Pope from Nicholas V. saw more strongly than ever the necessity for a new Basilica. Julius II., a man of kindred mind with Nicholas, and like him a Genoese, was elected Pope in 1503 at the age of sixty, and at once resolved to carry out the design of his predecessor and fellow-countryman. He, in the first place, summoned to his counsels the greatest architects of his day, and he was fortunate in living in an epoch of great architects. He then unfolded his intentions to the College of Cardinals, and these he found opposed to him on the fair grounds of the difficulties of the times, of the tremendous cost of an undertaking which, when far less vast and magnificent than the conception vaguely shadowed forth by the Pope, had exhausted the treasury of even

an Emperor like Constantine—of the danger, also, to the faith and devotion of thousands incurred by the removal, and, in some cases, probable loss of so many precious memorials and sacred relics of past ages. As might have been expected, the design soon came to be discussed throughout the city, many were in favour of it, but many stood out against it. These differences of opinion, however, only made the vigorous-minded Pope more resolute, and, as a first step towards the great work, he called the famous sculptor Michael Angelo, though still young, from Florence to Rome, and bade him erect a monument in which the Pope's own remains might be laid after death.

Amongst all those whom he had consulted, he found in Bramante an architect bold enough to design and prompt to advance the erection of such a Basilica as would rise up to the conception and desires of the genius of Julius II. To the disappointment alike and chagrin of Sangallo, Bramante was the architect chosen, and the Pope selected and set about the erection of a design submitted to him by Bramante, the general features of which constituted, more or less exactly, the points presented to the eye of the traveller in our own times—a solid façade surmounted by a magnificent dome or cupola, and flanked by small towers or turrets. There are, however, two points of difference, neither of which are wholly to be admired in the case of the Basilica we now see, for originally the dome was to have been entirely seen from the piazza below, besides which the form of the church was to have been a Greek Cross, whereas now the nave is so elongated as to give to the whole structure the form of a Roman Cross.

It would perhaps be as well to pause at this point, and dwell on the vicissitudes through which the erection of the modern Basilica passed, and on the great cause we have for thankfulness that, instead of a patched and wholly deformed structure, we have a really magnificent Basilica presented to the eye. Though we have scarcely made one step forward in our history of the modern St. Peter's, we have many proofs surrounding us of the vastness and difficulty of the work. We have the most natural hesitation of any ordinary mind even to begin the undertaking of it at all. We can easily imagine ourselves looking at those paltry three feet of stonework belonging to a small fraction of the whole, that are peeping above the ground and standing already so long unfinished—built, indeed, only to be rejected. Having heard of the slow growth of the present Basilica through the lapse of three centuries and a half and through the reigns of forty Popes, we can anticipate, from that moment when we imagine ourselves watching the first loosening of the earth for the erection of Bramante's design, all the difficulties and serious obstacles that will impede the work, and, by the apparent impossibility of the achievement, enhance the glory of its almost perfect success. This we may venture to say, even though one so esteemed as the

elder Pugin is reported to have rejoiced in the discovery of a crack somewhere in its walls. There was, first, the comparatively short reign of each Pope, which was the cause that, neither as regards them nor the architects employed by them, could the building have been possibly the work of one lifetime. Nor was this obstacle one of only shortness of time in which to execute anything; it involved a further and most serious risk to success, in the necessity, or at all events in the fact, of a constant change of architect, of idea, and of design, which was rendered inevitable by the irresistible temptation to depart from a plan already partially carried out, because it was another's, and to substitute for it a new one, because it was one's own. Another serious impediment must have been the want of the necessary funds that had to be raised on so large a scale, and the feeling of perpetual restraint and hesitation through anxiety as to how such large works were to be paid for, or duly completed in their several stages. Each architect, having so little time to work in, would naturally hurry on as fast as possible his share in the erection of that which was to be at once the wonder of the world, and a monument to immortalise his own skill and reputation. And again, though an achievement worthy of any age, how much more rapidly would not of necessity each part and detail have been completed, had the builders then possessed the advantages of modern invention and experience. And shall we not find, in the history now to be traced out of the building of this vast Basilica, ample proofs that the genius of many of the famous architects connected with it led them often to be more reckless in the grandeur and boldness of their designs, than they were cautious and prudent in the dry business part of their erection? This review of some of the chief difficulties which had to be surmounted in making the glorious Basilica of St. Peter to be what it actually now is, will, it strikes us, greatly increase the interest and importance of each step in the whole work.

And perhaps the chief difficulty of all was that which presented itself at once to the mind of Bramante, namely, how the building of an elaborate structure on the very site of the former one was to be so managed as neither to involve the previous destruction of the old building, nor to interfere with and prevent the continuance of the necessary Papal functions and the necessary access of the Faithful to the shrine itself of St. Peter. To accomplish this the architect surrounded with a wall of the Doric order both the ancient tribune and the high altar, together with the Confession and its small porch. In addition to this he uprooted a considerable portion of the cemetery of the Vatican, and levelled with the ground the low walls begun in the time of Nicholas V. Nay, according to Condivi (in *Vita*, p. 24), Bramante pulled down a large portion of the ancient Basilica, and removed some altars and monuments into the lower part of the nave. But we have, further, the authority of Aringhi (lib. ii., cap. iv., p. 219)

for saying that the pavement of the most venerated parts, and the chief altars and other objects of devotion in the nave and transepts, were all left, with the single exception of those places where the foundations of the new walls were to come. This done, the digging deep to lay solid foundations commenced, and the grand fabric was really set on foot.

This stage of the work presents to us a scene worthy of its greatness, and exhibiting to us the zeal and energy of Julius II. On the day appointed for laying the foundation-stone of the new Basilica, the Saturday before Low Sunday, April 11th, 1506, the Sovereign Pontiff gathered around him, in the patriarchal Basilica, the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Prelates, and the Chapter and Clergy of the Vatican, along with his whole Court. Francesco Soderini, Cardinal of Volterra, celebrated Pontifical Mass at the high altar, after which, from his throne, the Pope blessed with all solemnity the corner-stone of the edifice, on which was sculptured the following inscription—"Aedem Principis Apostolorum in Vaticano, vetustate et situ squalentem a fundamentis restituit Julius II., Ligur. Pont. Max. an. MDVI." As Constantine had shown his veneration for the twelve Apostles by carrying from the foundations on his own shoulders twelve vessels full of earth, so Julius II., with his own hand, placed in the foundation-stone ten coins or medals of silver and two others of gold, in honour of the Apostles and of St. Peter and St. Paul. All then moved forward in procession towards the round church of Petronilla, and passed out in the direction of the foundations through the door to the left of the apse. Arrived at the deep trenches filled with scaffolding, the Pope, bearing lightly the weight of seventy years, descended to their very lowest depth, and with his own hand warned off the large concourse of people, lest so great a number should weigh down the sides of the caverned earth, and cause some serious accident. Having then removed his mitre, he commenced the progress of the function, sprinkled the stone with holy water, and with a sharp instrument traced out the form of a cross, dedicating the stone in the name of the Blessed Trinity and in honour of the chief of the Apostles. The Litany of the Saints was chanted, when the Pope, having recited the prayer, directed the stone into its allotted place, and the choir intoned the Antiphon—*Mane surgens Jacob*, together with the 126th Psalm. Other prayers having been said, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung, and the Pope's blessing, followed by the promulgation of the Indulgence, closed the solemnities. On the 16th of April in the succeeding year the Archbishop of Taranto laid a foundation-stone for the three remaining pilasters in that now called after St. Longinus. So rapidly did the building, not only of the four massive pilasters but of the northern and western tribune, proceed, that Bramante, before his own and the Pope's death, or within eight years, raised them to the height of the great cornice whence the arches were to spring. He had also finished the vaulted roof of the west tribune, and had

raised a little higher the walls of the north tribune, and cased the exterior wall to protect it from various kinds of injury. On his side, the Holy Father, in a Bull, granted spiritual favours and graces to all the Faithful who should contribute to this great work.* And now we have to record the death of Pope Julius II., on the 13th of February, 1513; and very shortly after, that of Bramante, in the following year, unable to work alone without the aid of that large heart and master-mind. The first architect of the new Basilica was carried to his long resting-place in the old Basilica, bearing witness to the imperfection of man and of his works, in the midst of that Court and of those friends and companions in his art who had assembled there to do him honour, and who returned to contemplate his work and to find it already in need of repairs, so unduly had it been pushed forward, and to search in vain for many paintings, mosaics, marbles, and columns, which haste had either recklessly broken or hopelessly lost.

To Julius II. succeeded the celebrated Pope Leo X., known as Cardinal Julian de Medici. So great a patron of the arts might be safely depended on as an equally energetic promoter of the great work now begun. The death of Bramante, however, placed him in considerable difficulty. That architect had inherited, as we may say, the responsibility of carrying on a design scarcely begun, and to him already a successor must be found, to share indeed the future glory of the building, but to bear along with him in the first place the heavy responsibility of accepting and making use of what had been begun. Leo X., inclining to the choice of Raphael di Urbino, and yet hesitating to place entire trust in one whose fame was rather in the line of painting, and who had barely reached twenty-three years, wisely appointed a commission of three architects—Giacomo da Verona, a Brother of the Order of Preachers, Raphael di Urbino, and Julian da Sangallo. Of these Sangallo was the greatest architect, and it must have been a moment of special satisfaction and triumph to him to receive the courteous summons of the Pope, bidding him repair once more to Rome to undertake a work which he had so much ambitioned. The inspection of the building they had to carry on soon convinced the three architects appointed that much of it required to be done over again. It has not been reserved for the builder of the present day to experience the evil results of hasty building and of the use of bad materials. And it must have been a painful surprise for the Pope when he was assured that what was built to be a substitute for a crumbling Basilica, and itself to bear up a vast and glorious dome for ages, was already, by its own weight, and ere scarcely finished, on the very point of falling to pieces. Many a strong-minded contractor of our own day might be excused for acknowledging himself completely

* Ciacc, p. 234. Turingius de *Sacris. Crypt*, p. 12. Idem. de *Basil. Vat.* cap. i. Jac. Grimaldi de *Sac. Sud.*, p. 97.

baffled, where, however, Leo X. and Sangallo triumphed over every difficulty. It reminds us of that clever achievement of a few years ago, by which Mr. Townsend, not an architect, but the proprietor of large manufacturing works in Glasgow, himself directed the slicing down near its base of a huge chimney upwards of 400 feet in height, in order to restore its perfect level, when we read how it was decided by Sangallo in the sixteenth century to give new foundations to the four huge pilasters and to the walls which he found already built. That he might accomplish this difficult enterprise he first caused a number of square pits to be dug at a certain distance from the foundations laid by Bramante, and so deep as to reach beneath them. These pits he filled with masonry, built in with heavy stones bound together by the firmest cement. From wall to wall arches of unusual strength were thrown, in such a manner that, without the slightest disarrangement, the pilasters and walls were made to rest on entirely new foundations. This done, the commission of architects resolved to change the form of the whole Basilica into that of a Latin instead of a Greek Cross, as corresponding better with its vastness.*

But these necessary expenses had far overdrawn the balance in the Pontifical treasury. In order, then, to raise the funds requisite for a work certainly world-wide both in importance and in interest, Leo X. not only ratified all indulgences and spiritual graces and favours previously granted to those who would piously help towards its successful completion, but, in extending these indulgences to the Augustinians in England for the building of their own great church, he required that the half of what was so collected should be given over to the Vatican Basilica—a good stroke of business, with which neither calculating Englishman nor canny Scot can afford to find great fault.

And here the share of this triumvirate of architects in the fame to be gathered from the erection of St. Peter's abruptly and unexpectedly terminated. These architects, with Julian Sangallo at their head, did the most necessary work of all and then passed silently away; as though to exemplify the parable of our Blessed Lord, they laboured and then others came and entered upon the fruits of their labours. And here, again, architect and patron passed away from the scene almost together, for Leo X. only survived to be able to commit the work to Baltassar Peruzzi, and to give him as colleague Julian Sangallo's nephew, Antonio Picconi de Sangallo, a name more prominently and litigiously known in connection with the history of the Basilica. As we might have expected, Peruzzi's first act in addressing himself to the work before him was to change the plan back again to Bramante's design, adopting the Greek instead of the Latin Cross, and making each of the four sides terminate in a large apse. Four entrances directly facing each other were to have admitted into

* Vasari, tom. iii., pt. i., p. 69; pt. iii., pp. 37, 252.

the four apses, while the angles of the cross were to have been filled in by four sacristies.*

Under the next three Popes the Basilica entered upon a new stage, the stage first of suspension and patient expectancy, and then of impending destruction. Well was it that Julian di Sangallo had made its foundations so strong. For though Clement VII., to secure larger and more permanent results, organised a Congregation of sixty persons from each country to collect offerings from every part of the Catholic world, and to supervise the entire work, securing correctness of architectural detail, and excellence in every material employed; though greater expectations than ever were formed, yet the clouds were gathering round his throne, and such a storm burst forth upon the Pope and upon Rome, that the laborious work of years seemed doomed to destruction in a moment. German legions, Spanish troops, Italians, and a horde gathered from different nations—40,000 in all—swooped down upon the city, and literally made its streets, its churches, and its very altars, run down with blood. Seven thousand of the inhabitants were massacred, and the Pope was forced to fly into Tuscany. Twice was the Vatican Palace sacked, twice was the Vatican Basilica given up to plunder and violence, and everything valuable or beautiful was carried off. And yet, even within these nine years of trouble, Peruzzi was able to complete the western tribune of the Basilica, where now stands the Chair of St. Peter.†

On the death of Clement VII., in 1534, Alexander Farnese was by universal consent elected his successor, under the title of Paul III. Seeing that no time was to be lost, he formed the desire of at once carrying on the building to its completion, and ordered that the interior should be lined with marble and the exterior faced with travertine, rather than with that lighter stone which Bramante had used. Peruzzi dying within a very short time, the Pope placed the design entirely in the hands of Antonio di Sangallo. The result of this step brought of course a new and fourth plan into the field, and one that introduced a more complete change of conception than had been before thought of.

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* Serlius, lib. iii. Vasari, pt. iii, p. 143.

† Oldoinus, pp. 47, 448; Vasari, pt. iii., p. 147.

Madame de Miramion.

WE live in an atmosphere whose temperature of excitement has been so imperceptibly increased that its evils have stolen away our strength unawares. It is with us all, to a degree, as with those who walk through a range of heated conservatories, culminating in an orchid-house, where the moist heat, saturated with delicate tropical fragrance, infects the senses and bodily powers, till, succumbing to the lotus-eating influence, we return to the region of health and oxygen with shivering repugnance and regret.

In like manner our intellectual and moral vigour have succumbed to the heated, artificial literature of the day, and in spite of our reason we crave for its sweets, its zest, its varieties of flavour. Happily there has arisen also a strong interest in life-incidents and historical detail, and the chronicles of real lives afford us a continued variety of moving interest. Even a small portion of any stirring reign will open abundant matter of study, for throughout the whole length of the outward events—often in themselves picturesque and deeply suggestive—there lies the inner life of providential circumstances, the hidden government of the Church; and within that again, fold within fold, runs the richer innermost chain of grace, as manifested in chosen souls. If any one craves for or seeks some tale of arousing, special marvel, let him study the stories of grace.

In returning once more, by accident, to a time much written about latterly, much used, so to speak, by many writers, we seem to have fallen upon still fresh matter of pleasure and benefit. We must go back to the beginning of the seventeenth century (1629), and to a certain November morning, when the wintry sun was shining brightly on the hooded towers and high-pitched roofs and turrets of Paris—then still under that varied and picturesque aspect which is now “improved” away for ever—and when a little daughter was born to the ancient family of Poitou. Jacques Bonneau, Lord of Rubelle, the father of the little girl, held a whole cluster of offices under the Crown, among which was the comptrollership-general of the taxes called *gabelles*, and the sheriff-

ship of Paris, while his family-shield was inscribed by right in the famous *Golden Book* of 1579; a kind of *Burke's Peerage*, in which no upstart or doubtful coronets were ever registered. The Lady of Rubelle, Marie d'Ivry, a religious and most excellent mother, brought up her five children with great care, bestowing upon them all her time and attention, and, as if foreboding her own early removal, she spent much pains in forming them to pious habits and instructing them in religion. The seed thus sown with labour, tears, and much prayer, afterwards brought forth abundant fruit. This excellent mother died when her little girl was nine years old, but although so young, Marie de Rubelle felt her loss so acutely that she fell ill, and seemed actually then to realise the nothingness of life which so quickly comes to an end, the dreadful pain of being separated by sin from God, and the need of loving Him that we may attain Heaven; she was, even then, evidently marked out by a naturally just and solid mind for some special course, and felt bitter remorse for not having loved and cherished her mother more during her life, though according to the testimony of her cousin, the Prior of St. Lo, and others, she had little to accuse herself of in this respect, for she was always a most obedient, loving, and respectful child.

Marie's regret was not an empty feeling, and by way of reparation and earnest of love to her departed mother, she resolved to imitate her example—not then too common in Paris society—of personally devoting herself to the relief and service of the poor. Her governess was of great use to her in carrying out this resolution, and she often, in after life, reverted to the admirable training and assistance of this lady, who had been chosen out by Madame de Rubelle on account of her solid Christian piety. Unfortunately the life of calm seclusion in her father's house was not long Marie's lot, for M. de Rubelle was thoroughly tired of his desolate great hotel without a mother to regulate the five children or a mistress to superintend the servants; and he gladly accepted his brother's offer of going to live with him. Carrying with him, therefore, his whole establishment of servants, he took up his quarters in M. Bonneau's immense hotel in the Marais, where the two families, both boys and girls, could be educated together and well looked after by Madame Bonneau, who was, fortunately, also an admirable mother, and a woman of unusual gifts and much experience.

Here Marie de Rubelle was at once plunged into a new world, for the whole style and habits of the Hotel Bonneau were totally different from her mother's way of life. There was an immense

retinue of servants, suites of splendidly furnished rooms ; and as M. Bonneau was what we should now call a Privy Councillor and a Secretary of State, and his wife liked society, their doors were open to a very large circle of friends and acquaintances of all classes. Hither flocked the *haute bourgeoisie*, the magistracy, municipal officers, lawyers, financiers, writers, and wits of Paris—in short, all that higher middle-class of commoners which then first began to develop its resources, to assert its position, and to rank almost on an equality with the nobility itself. The famous Hotel de Rambouillet, the resort of all the learned and celebrated men of Paris was rivalled by the house of the great President de Lamoignon, whose noble character and various attainments drew round him all the society best worth having ; by the meetings at Madame de la Sablière's, La Fontaine's friend ; and by those at Madame Cornuel's, almost the wittiest woman of her age. Madame Bonneau, who wished to introduce her niece to some of the advantages of this brilliant society, was not pleased to find her ideas set, as it were, in too strict a religious a mould, and she insisted on her dressing and going out like other girls, herself taking her to such balls and plays as were fit for her. Far different indeed from the miserable theatricals, half buffoonery, half impropriety, of our own boasted day, were the grand antique spectacles of Medea and Polyæctis, and the half-religious gallantry of the Cid, with whose stately splendour Corneille was at that time entrancing all Paris. The grand, magnificent despotism of Richelieu was drawing to a close, and the marvellous reign of Louis XIII., with its picturesque battles, heroic characters, and desperate plots, was merging into that still more marvellous reign of Louis XIV., when society of all classes was sparkling with wit, and graceful with all the arts of a more polished civilisation, in which both sanctity and vice seemed to gleam and lower in intenser lights and shades. Into this enchanted circle Marie de Rubelle, still a child, was plunged.

At first, as every girl would be, she was delighted with the graceful dances, the minuets, gavottes, and really dignified "measures" of that time, which she danced beautifully herself ; and still more delighted with the grand old tragedies, the Greek woes and doomful stories which she had never known except in their French stiffness and conventional dress. But very soon, even in the midst of a brilliant assembly, where the flattery and attentions she received might have turned a weaker head, Marie continually beheld her mother's image before her, and the sweet, dying face seemed to plead and beseech that she would leave this

vain, frivolous life, and begin to serve God with her whole heart and soul. She once said to her governess, "When every one round me is full of enjoyment, something says to me, 'Would you like to die this moment?' I am always thinking of dying." This excellent woman suggested to her that these thoughts were precious graces from God, and observed that the Saints were accustomed to use some bodily austerities to hinder the effects of pleasure upon the senses. This idea took firm root in Marie's mind, and reflecting upon the principle, she henceforth put on under her ball-dress a heavy iron chain which she had secretly procured, whose weight robbed the dancing of its chief pleasure, and turned her mind to the thought of penance and self-denial. Following up the practice, she generally kept her eyes shut or cast down at the theatre, so that her intense interest in the plot and characters was checked, and as her historian observes, "While she shut her eyes thus outwardly to the play, she opened them interiorly to her duties to God."

At this time, when strangely enough, according to our ideas, Marie was taken out to balls and plays, she was only twelve years old, and it had become her greatest pleasure to visit and nurse any of the servants of the house who were ill. One Twelfth Night, when a very gay party of young and old guests were gathered for dancing in Madame Bonneau's rooms, Marie was sought for high and low to open the ball, but she was nowhere to be found. After a long time the child came in, pale, and shaking like a leaf, from the bedside of one of the grooms who was dying in great agony. She steadily refused to dance, and as she seemed really ill, her aunt sent her to her own room, where she spent a long time in praying for the poor groom.

When Marie was fourteen years old, her aunt went to drink the waters at Forges, in Normandy, a practice which had come into fashion since the Queen Anne of Austria had introduced the custom, and which produced as much folly and dissipation then as watering-places do now. The journey, however, made in the ponderous mode of the time, in a huge coach, with the two governesses, the two girls, and Madame Bonneau inside, several servants outside, and a troop of mounted attendants to guard them, was enchanting to Marie and her cousin, who had never before been outside Paris. This mighty journey took up three days, and they slept at St. Germain, Nantes, and Rouen on the way, which, on the whole, was far more enjoyable than whirling through the country and seeing nothing but railway-stations on the road. At Forges, Marie made her first friend, Charlotte

de Daillon, afterwards the beautiful and unhappy Duchess de Roquelaure, to whom at a later day she was of great use ; and at Forges she also experienced her second great grief. Poor M. de Rubelle had never really recovered his wife's death, and his health had become so undermined by sorrow, that at the first touch of serious illness his strength gave way, and he died before his daughter could reach Paris. Her grief was very great, but her now constant habit of prayer and preparation of mind for eternal life had so ripened Marie's character, that the only effect of this fresh sorrow was the determination to give up the world altogether, and go into that famous Carmelite convent, then the most renowned Religious House in Paris—which was founded by St. Teresa's follower, Madame Acarie—a magnificent convent, extending from the Rue St. Jacques to the Rue d'Enfer, and in which the poor Duchesses of Longueville and La Vallière finally repented and died. To this convent the pious women in Paris resorted to make little retreats, to witness the Clothings and Professions, and to ask for advice and prayers ; and Madame Bonneau was in the habit of taking her niece there with her. Just before going to Forges she had been present at the Clothing of a young friend, and the beautiful ceremony, the glittering sanctuary, the lights, incense, and music, had both affected her imagination and stirred her will. It seemed to her the very happiest refuge of peace for those weary of the world, and she told her aunt that she had made up her mind to be a Carmelite Nun. Madame Bonneau, wisely, did not oppose a resolve which she probably had reason to see was not solidly grounded, but her uncle remonstrated with his niece, and asked her how she could think of leaving her poor little brothers without parents or friend, to whom she was bound to play the part of a mother and protector. If she married and secured a position in the world, she could not only give them a safe and happy home, but also advance them in the different professions they might choose.

None of these thoughts had occurred to Marie, and her just mind immediately acknowledged the truth of her uncle's reasoning. With as much strength as intelligence she resolved to give up her chosen plan of a Carmelite retirement, and to put herself in her father's place as the guide and protector of her brothers. "From that day till the end of her life," says her faithful chronicler, "she was the bond which kept the family in unbroken union." These boys, for whom their heroic sister renounced her girlish visions of peace—Toussaint (de Rubelle), Thomas, Henry, and Claude Bonneau, were then from eight to

twenty-two years old, and the only dispute that ever arose between them was, that on the division of their father's considerable wealth, they wished to give a higher price than that at which the effects were valued. The only stipulation Marie made with her uncle and aunt was that she should wear mourning and not go out for a year and a half after her father died. During that time of peaceful study and seclusion, the young Abbé Pallu, who had rooms in her uncle's hotel, and who was afterwards sent out as the first French Bishop to the Chinese missions, gained a great influence over Marie de Rubelle, and did much towards developing those seeds of generous devotedness and courageous self-denial which afterwards led her to achieve such great things. It is pleasant to take a bird's-eye view of Paris at this moment, and while glancing at the celebrated characters therein occupying so large a place on the world's canvas—the crowded groups of statesmen, poets, wits, and men and women of renown, the seething, vivid excitement, the colour and brilliancy of that Elizabethan age of France—to look down, also, upon the Hotel Bonneau, and contemplate the girl-mother with her four brothers collected round Abbé Pallu, eagerly drinking in the lessons of fervour and brave self-sacrifice which were afterwards carried out by him on the frontiers of the Indian empire, and which bore such abundant harvest in Marie's noble and docile soul. Under the influence of this helpful friend we may say that her childhood closed.

For she was now sixteen, and it was necessary that she should be introduced at Court, where she was considered very beautiful, though of a grander and more antique type than was then commonly admired in French *salons*, where the ladies were so powdered, and patched, and painted, and periwigged, that there was little of nature left in their construction. Marie was tall and fully formed, though perfectly graceful; she was very fair, with a colour that came and went with every emotion; she had regular features, large, deep blue eyes, and chesnut hair. These merely outward advantages were increased by her frank, pure, noble expression, which showed her just and straightforward mind. Add to these the ever-substantial and welcome gift of riches,* and it may be imagined how eagerly Mademoiselle de Rubelle was sought in marriage. But her own choice was already made, for she had often seen, at the little chapel of St. Nicolas-des-Champs, a certain young M. de Miramion, and his attention

* According to the fashionable black sheep of the day, Bussy Rabutin, her fortune was over 2,000,000 francs, about £80,000.

and respect for his mother, whom he accompanied, no less than his unaffected piety, had won her esteem and regard, even before his name was proposed to her as one among several candidates for her hand. As soon as her aunt mentioned the name of M. de Miramion, her deep colour showed Madame Bonneau that this would be the husband of her choice. There were no opposing circumstances, and as all the arrangements were then carried out by the heads of the families concerned, Marie de Rubelle was married in 1645 to Jean-Jacques Beauharnais de Miramion, one of whose ancestors had been a witness in the justification of Joan of Arc. The marriage was a Christian one, and extremely happy, and Marie's first request to her husband was that he would allow her to carry on the religious habits of her early life, in which, no doubt, her penances were included. She spoke so simply and wisely at the same time, showing such a pure and noble character, that he was more delighted with her than ever, and promised of his own accord not only that she should do as she pleased, but that he would take care not to grieve or offend her by any practices of his own—a rare promise in that day, and most faithfully kept. But the bitterness clinging to all changes had to be tasted, and with many tears Marie bade good-bye for a while to her brothers, and went home with her husband to his grandfather's hotel, a magnificent family abode, where the stately old M. de Choisy, the friend and adviser of Louis XIII. and Henri Quatre, lived with his wife and his two widowed daughters in great union, which was in nowise lessened by the addition of his grandson and Marie. The whole of this patriarchal family, in fact, vied with each other in welcoming Madame de Miramion the younger among them. For many weeks there was nothing but assemblies, suppers, and "receptions," among which a detailed account is given of a grand breakfast party in the Luxembourg Palace, given by the Countess de Choisy.

This remarkable woman, M. de Miramion's aunt, reigned then like a Queen over the great world in Paris. Her husband being Chancellor to the Duke of Orleans, the young King's uncle, Madame de Choisy presided at all the State balls and festivities given to please Louis XIV., and even trained him in all those habits of brilliant conversation and repartee which were indispensable in good society. It was currently reported that she told the King he would never become a man of the world unless he came to talk with her for an hour every day, which he did. In her rooms *Cinna* was first read by Corneille, and the more questionable *Maxims of Love* by Bussy Rabutin. She maintained

an active correspondence with foreigners of celebrity, and drew round her the very cream of refined French society. Again, therefore, and this time with more seductive force, was Marie de Miramion drawn into the whirling circle of the enchantress world, where her beauty, apt conversation, and graceful position as a wealthy bride of sixteen, might have won for her a splendid position, and where her name might have been handed down as one of the celebrities of the most brilliant Court in the world's story. But again the whispers of grace were obeyed, and with that decisive but gentle firmness which was her marked characteristic, this charming young wife won her husband from the giddy throng, and proved to him how far more delightful was the happiness of a well-regulated and loving home. Without severity or affected singularity she declined cards, balls, and plays; and at the expense of a nine-days' outcry of dismay and amazement on the part of her "friends," she laid out the plan of a useful and occupied life, and by her winning and playful ways, and the secret attraction of her constant prayers, she prevailed on her husband to lead a sincere and practical Catholic life. Marie, in fact, was so bright and charming in her thorough happiness and peace of mind, so pleasant and gay with her husband's family, so busy, flitting here and there about her household duties, so watchful over the comfort of every one with whom she had to do, that it was impossible to wish for balls, and theatricals, noisy dissipation, and the empty hours of talk for talking's sake. M. de Miramion followed her example in every point, and it was well for him that he did so. Six months—six little months of the greatest earthly happiness—were granted to these two, as a foretaste of the joys eternal, as a reward for serving God in their youth, as a preparation for the parting now to come. At the end of that time M. de Miramion was seized with fever, which developed disease of the lungs, and it became certain that he must die. In the agony of the hour, Marie's sole consolation was to see how thoroughly her dear husband was prepared. He met death—coming so cruelly, so unlooked for, in the very height of their love and happiness—with heroic courage, and receiving the last Sacraments with fervent joy, expired in his wife's arms. She then fell lifeless on the bed, and remained unconscious for several hours, and when, at length, she had come to herself, grief seemed to have deprived her of reason, and her only desire was to follow the husband whose existence seemed to have engulfed and swallowed up her own. The last resource of her mother-in-law—"Drink this for your child's sake," was the only inducement which reached her

reason ; from that moment duty regained its power, and though mechanically and like a corpse, Marie did exactly as she was told.

Nature, however, could not but suffer in every way at the dreadful trial and shock she had sustained, and until her child was born, Madame de Miramion spent her time in great suffering and in bed. At length, after making a special offering to our Lady that the child might live to be baptised, her little girl was born, and when it was placed in her arms, and she saw its extraordinary likeness to her husband, the tears which rushed to her eyes and streamed down her cheeks probably saved both her life and her reason. She was now a widow and a mother at a little over sixteen, and, living only for the frail delicate little girl, she spent the next two years of her life in the strictest seclusion, dressed in the austere weeds which were indispensable at that day. At the end of the two years Marie had the small-pox, then the dreaded scourge of all pretty women, but although she lost her bright complexion, her eyes were untouched and her face was without the least mark of the disease. She rather rejoiced over her loss of colour, saying that she hoped people would not now care to see her in the great world. This was a vain hope ; Madame de Miramion seemed to attract more suitors than Mdle. de Rubelle, and one day, when Madame Cornuel met her in a morning call in Madame de Choisy's *salon*, she exclaimed—"If this splendid statue would but show what she has in her, the whole Court would be put to rout!" Her own family, even her husband's relations, fearing that she should again wish to go into a convent, pressed Madame Miramion to marry again, and although she constantly refused, and was grieved at the attachments which it seemed her lot to create, she only begged for time. During that time she redoubled her prayers and offerings of herself to know and to do God's will.

When Marie had been two years a widow, the stormy civil war of the Fronde broke out in full fury, threatening the same measure of Parliamentary success as that which dethroned and executed our own Charles I. "The good Regent," as Anne of Austria had first been called, had given up her authority too entirely into Cardinal's Mazarin's hands, who had neither the consummate powers nor integrity of Richelieu, and who incurred the odium of the people, as every one knows, by the most arbitrary and vexatious system of taxation. The Parliament of Paris resisted these taxes, and all who upheld the Parliament formed the formidable league which afterwards took possession of Paris,

and seemed to verge towards completely extinguishing the monarchy.

M. de Choisy, as well as most of his friends and relations, were on the Parliament side, and he retired from Court and went to live at his country house at Issy, a charming valley of the Seine, where Marie felt happier than she had done since her husband's death. Still chiefly occupied with prayer and her child, she also began to employ herself more actively, and was often found among the poor, especially those who were sick, or had diseases which drove other nurses from them. One of these, a poor scrofulous girl, she actually nursed and cleansed into health; and when she was cured, she gave her a suitable dowry and enabled her to become a Nun. Madame de Miramion had not been long at Issy when she resolved to fulfil a vow of pilgrimage to Mont Valérien, and in consequence of this expedition the strangest event of her life occurred; for although she was properly accompanied by her mother-in-law, a companion, and what was called a "squire," with a footman and four mounted servants outside, the carriage was surrounded, the servants overpowered or bought off, and poor Madame de Miramion was carried away, first through the Bois de Boulogne and the forest of Livry—where the elder Madame de Miramion, with the poor companion and "squire," were forced out of the carriage and most inhumanly left behind—to the Chateau de Launay, where the carriage rattled over the drawbridge, the horses were taken out, and Madame de Miramion, a complete prisoner, was urged most respectfully to alight and go into the chateau. Positively refusing to leave the carriage, Madame de Miramion demanded who had been so wicked as to commit this outrage, and then learnt for the first time that it was the world-famous Count de Bussy Rabutin, who had gained the aid of his friends and retainers by assuring them that the attempt was made with her full knowledge and consent, that her family might not oppose their marriage. After a long parley, both with his brother and Bussy Rabutin himself, during which Madame de Miramion preserved the most wonderful dignity and presence of mind, she was allowed to leave the chateau, and was even escorted respectfully to Sens, where she found the whole town in commotion at the news that the widow of a State Councillor had been carried off by force by some great lord. Poor Marie had just strength to say that she was the lady, and then, fainting and half-dead with the terror and dread she had gone through, took to her bed, where her brother soon after found her. Having learnt from her the chief particulars of the

extraordinary outrage, M. de Rubelle gathered together his friends and followers, and flew to besiege the Chateau de Launay. But they found it empty; Bussy and his train had wisely retired to a distant spot. The result of this wild and lawless attempt was that Madame de Miramion was seized with brain fever, her life was despaired of, and the last Sacraments were administered; but she was restored to health a second time, for future suffering and service to God. Her own simple account of the matter is the best, for she was far removed from that morbid imagination which creates and keeps up the excitement of being always its own heroine. "After I had been carried away," she says, "I was sick to death, and received Extreme Unction. But God allowed my cure. Then I prosecuted M. de Bussy for two years, after which I forgave him before God." In fact, in spite of all her family could urge, Marie positively refused to be put upon oath or to allow her deposition to be taken; and as the Prince de Condé wrote himself to beg pardon for Bussy Rabutin, and it was also taken into consideration that by his extraordinary valour at the battle of Lens—for which a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in Notre Dame—Bussy had saved France for the second time, the proceedings-at-law were withdrawn. Still, as the Great Condé and Bussy were on the King's, and the families of Bonneau and Miramion on the Parliament side, a continual feud was kept up, which was only quenched when, in one of the Fronde raids, Bussy generously saved the Chateau de Rubelle from burning and pillage. In another point this man of abandoned and licentious life evinced a certain sense of honour and good faith, which showed that virtue had its influence upon him. At the Chateau de Launay he had promised Marie never to come into her presence again, and he kept his word to the letter—they never saw one another's faces again. After her recovery, feeling herself still much shaken, and longing for more leisure for prayer and reflection as to her future life, Madame de Miramion went for a time to the Visitation Convent in the Rue St. Antoine, where the poor, weak Louis XIII. used to visit the admirable Mademoiselle Lafayette at the grating, begging her advice and prayers for the cure of that attachment which he was never able to overcome. In this place of rest and retirement we must leave her, though with reluctance, for a while.

The Dialogues of Lydney.

NO. I.—A COUNCIL ON THE COUNCIL.—PART I.

CHAPTER IV.—DON VENANZIO.

I THINK that Lloyd and I felt on that evening at Lydney, as regards the country, as children who, having never before seen the sea, have just been set down within a few minutes' walk of it. We could not have enough of the fresh soft air, of the breath of flower-beds, of the velvet carpet of turf, of the rustling of the leaves of the shrubberies, and of the sunset tints and rays of level light which were beginning to clothe the heaven above and shoot through the slender fringe of grove which surrounded the garden of the Lodge. The dressing-bell always rang a good half-hour before dinner, and we laughed at one another heartily when we found that we had both been guided by the same instinct to finish our preparations upstairs in less than a quarter, and to be strolling in tranquil enjoyment of our liberty from town sounds and town cares on the lawn before the glass doors of the drawing-room, as yet untenanted by any other members of our party. Our conversation soon wandered back to the subject which we had discussed during our walk with Kingshill. "What did he mean, by-the-by," said Lloyd, "about that Council in the Acts of the Apostles? I never heard either of Pope or Council in the history of the New Testament."

I should say that Bible history in general is one of the subjects on which my friend and I have had a good many discussions. Lloyd has been brought up, like many other good Catholics, with something of a suspicion as to the Bible. He knows the whole history of the Passion with a minuteness of detail which would perfectly astound me, did I not know that he meditates upon it daily, and has written out after a plan of his own every word and action of our Blessed Lord and of the other persons who took part in it. His favourite devotion is the Way of the Cross, and he has always with him a little crucifix blessed with the indulgences of the Stations, so that he "makes" them, as we say, privately when he cannot get to a church where they are erected. He often prefixes to them what is called at Jerusalem the "Way of the Captivity," and he has an arrangement of his own as to the exact time and precise place at which every word was said or action done. He has the same minute method as to all the mysteries of the Rosary, and those also of the beautiful Camal-

dolose devotion called the "Crown of our Lord." He is very fond, also, of the Epistles and Gospels of the Missal, and he has lately, as I know, taken greatly to an arrangement of the Latin Gospels which a friend of mine has published. Still, for all this, he does not know very much of what is called Bible history, and I see in his feeling about it the shadow of a revulsion from the outrageous and presumptuous manner in which it is used by Protestants, and the exaggerated importance they attach to it. He told me once with much glee of a good old woman in Lancashire, who, when her Protestant husband was dying of a lingering sickness, and the parson who visited him suggested to her to read to him the Lessons for the day, replied that she liked the New Testament well enough, but as for the Old, it was "all about warrin' and fightin', and people that were not so good as they might ha' been." I was not, therefore, surprised at the question which he now asked me.

"Well, my dear fellow," I replied, "I suppose the Pope is not named in the New Testament, but it has always seemed to me that he is there as large as life, and that it is hardly too much to say that there is as much really about him as about our Blessed Lady herself or the Blessed Sacrament. I observe that our anti-Papal Catholics—so to call them—always fight extremely shy of the Bible arguments about the Pope. They go off to early history without mentioning the words of Christ and the history of the Acts. I don't suppose that the most Roman of the Romans—whatever may be said of extravagant people who are only mock Romans—claim for Pius IX. an atom more power than can be fairly shown to have been given to St. Peter, and exercised by him, at least in principle. As for the Council, I don't know whether the assembly mentioned in the Acts, when it was decided that the Gentile Christians were not to be obliged to keep the law of Moses, corresponds exactly in all technical points with an Ecumenical Council, but it is at all events very like it, and may be taken as tracing the outlines and laying down the principles afterwards followed in such Councils. And it is certainly striking that the discussion and disputing end when St. Peter rises, and that he lays down the law and the principle on which the question is to be decided. When he opened the gates of the Church to the Gentiles in the person of Cornelius and his companions, God gave the Holy Ghost to them not less than to the Jewish converts on the day of Pentecost. They had been admitted to the full privileges of membership of the Church by God without any condition being imposed on them as to the Law, and no one, therefore, had a right to impose such a condition on them afterwards. This was the principle on which the decision of the Council was based. St. Peter did not propose the formal decree: that was done by St. James, but expressly on the ground laid down by St. Peter. St. James confirmed it by an appeal to prophecy, and St. Paul and St. Barnabas had already added the

proof of the miracles and wonders which had been wrought by their means among the Gentiles. I must confess it all looks to me very like what happened at Chalcedon, when St. Leo laid down the rule of faith, and the Fathers examined it and decreed accordingly."

We strolled up and down a little longer, when we were joined by Don Venanzio, who appeared from the direction of the presbytery, and was to form one of our party at dinner. The good Padre is outwardly an Italian of what I may call the more placid type. Some of his countrymen strike you at first sight as made of fire and quicksilver; keen intelligence and feeling are written on every feature of their face, and you expect them to go off like barrels of petroleum the moment they are violently shaken. Others have a calm innocence stamped on them, which gives you the impression of what has been said of some of the Saints—that they seemed hardly to have sinned in Adam. Don Venanzio's whole appearance places him in this latter class; but he has a keen eye, too, his forehead shows great intellectual power, and his mouth much firmness and strength of character. He is as simple and playful as a child, and is very fond of my friend Lloyd. He welcomed us both heartily, and asked with careful courtesy after a number of his acquaintances in London whom he knew to be our friends. We soon, however, got him on the last Roman news, which he had just been conning over in the *Westminster Gazette*, a number of which he held in his hand. He has more than once told me of the excellence of its Italian correspondence. Then we got on to his last private news from his own part of the country, and his favourite topic of lamentation—that the Santa Casa di Loreto should be in the hands of the Piedmontese. If Don Venanzio hates anything in the world, it is the "Sabalpine Government," and it is easy to make him talk of its injustices, and especially on the miseries it has inflicted on the fine peasantry of the March, whom it has made acquainted with ruinous taxation and the gross tyranny of the conscription. He spoke feelingly on the matter, and he might well do so. His two elder sisters, who had entered a convent in their teens, and were now between fifty and sixty, had been turned out of their cloister, and forced to rough it in the world, which they had never known save as children. A nephew of his had just been taken from a Seminary to serve in the army, and he had plenty of stories besides of peasants whom he had known having taken to the mountains and been shot down in their attempts to escape the same hardships. His father's farm had been plundered and wasted by Cialdini's soldiers in the campaign of Castel Fidardo, and the poor old man had died some few years after in great penury. He knew very well all the shrines and famous monasteries of that part of Italy, Loreto, Assisi, Sta. Maria degli Angeli, Osimo, Fabriano, Gubbio, Monte Alvernia, Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and plenty more less famous, and he mourned over the insults

to religion and the oppression of the poor which now reigned in what were to him truly hallowed spots. We were soon engrossed in his conversation, and did not hear the bell which announced that dinner was served. Miss Clara Lancaster came tripping out of the drawing-room, and reproached us gaily with our incivility to our hosts, and we were soon sitting at the round table in the dining-room.

Clara is the only Catholic in her family, the daughter of a mixed marriage. Her mother has been many years dead, and, as far as she could, left her under the charge of Mrs. Kingshill, whom she had known even before her conversion, and who, after that, became her most dear and intimate friend. There is no relationship between them, but Clara always looks to her as her mother's sister. General Lancaster has always kept faith about his daughter's education as a Catholic, but he is a scientific man and much mixed up with intellectual Protestant society, and the atmosphere of her father's house, which she has managed since leaving her convent-school, has not, perhaps, been without its effect upon her. She is very clever, very lively, fond of society and of books, and she is much courted and flattered by the *savans* who frequent her father's table; thus she has gained a little of that air of forwardness which sometimes characterises young ladies who talk much with intellectual, or supposed intellectual, men. She is, notwithstanding, a great favourite with Don Venanzio, who appreciates her thorough simplicity, as well as her perfect devotion to one so different from herself as my cousin Gertrude. Knowing that the good Padre does not mind it, she is not afraid of a little fun with him now and then, and I saw at once, on this occasion, that she had a roguish look in her eye which showed that she was ready for mischief. She was in the highest spirits, and put in her observations with a freedom which did not, perhaps, make her the leader of the conversation, but still prevented it from becoming very serious, and kept us all amused while dinner lasted. She began telling Don Venanzio all imaginable absurdities about the rumours afloat in London as to the Council, and this she did in a shy demure manner which showed that she would have been a perfect actress. A deputation of Ritualists had been invited to have seats "outside the bar," and were to be lodged at the Pope's expense. Lady Joanna Pontifex, a strong-minded Catholic lady of fashion (at whom Don Venanzio had more than once shaken his head, as Clara knew), who spent her days in active works of charity and her nights in the gayest society, was determined on attending the sittings, and a sporting friend of hers had laid a bet that she would get in. "Depend on it," said Count —, "*Madame s'y glissera*." She was further said to have presented a petition to the Pope on the rights of women, and to be thinking of founding an Order of women preachers. The Catechisms were all to be altered, and a new form for the admission of converts drawn up, as the "Creed of

Pope Pius" was not thought explicit enough. All Religious Orders were to be abolished except two, and fasting was to be done away with. Don Venanzio played with Clara in his happiest way, and thus set Gertrude at ease as to himself, though I saw that she hardly liked the flow of nonsense that she was pouring out in the hearing of the servants. At length, at dessert, when Don Venanzio had finished telling her the story of the Abbess and Nuns who went to Rome in the middle ages to ask leave to hear one another's confessions, and who were foiled by the Pope's giving them a box with a bird in it to keep unopened for a day and a night—an injunction which, it need not be said, they were unable to obey—Gertrude rose and took her companion away to play chess with her till tea-time, leaving us to finish our wine and then stroll on the lawn, on which the moon was now shining, while Lloyd consumed his one inevitable cigar.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT THE COUNCIL MAY DO.

THE evening air was so warm, that we sat down on a semicircular seat at the end of a grassy walk between two shrubberies, and began to chat over the amusing conjectures which Clara had poured forth at dinner in so much profusion. But we had not been seated many minutes before Mrs. Kingshill appeared with our hats in her hand, and a plaid for her husband and Don Venanzio. The former has long been delicate, and the latter has a truly Italian dread of evening chills. We laughed a little at Gertrude, but she insisted on our covering ourselves, and then left us, saying that she was deep in chess with her companion, and would send us out our coffee. "Now, Padre," she said, "give Mr. Lloyd and my cousin there a good instruction on the Council."

The Padre laughed, and said it was an odd time to give a lecture on such a subject. Lloyd, however, urged him. "We have had a talk this afternoon about it," he said, "and Kingshill has made out that it will be a true Council, and that the Bishops will be free enough. I only speak for myself, for Lillicote there is much more up in these things than I am. Converts generally are. But I really should not mind knowing what it's all for, and what the Council will do. People that I know say that Pius IX. is fond of pageantry, that he has called the Bishops together first to hear him define the Immaculate Conception, and then to be present at a canonisation on the Centenary of St. Peter, and that he cannot be satisfied to die without a General Council. But what is it to do? There's no heresy up just at present, and Councils have generally been called together to put down some heresy."

I could see that neither Don Venanzio nor Kingshill quite liked the way in which Pius IX. was spoken of. "They should

remember who Pius IX. is," said Kingshill. "Popes don't call the whole Christian world together for an idle show. I suppose these people think that as there have been so many great exhibitions of art, science, commerce, and manufactures, and the like—not to say of horses, dogs, donkeys, and pigs—so it is proper that the Church should have a great exhibition of Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, and Generals of Orders. But I have interrupted you, Padre."

"Perhaps," said Don Venanzio, "the most dangerous of all heresies is the most universal denial of revealed, and even of natural truth. We have run through the circle of questions concerning the Person of Christ, Freewill, Original Sin, the Sacraments, and so on, but modern rationalism has proved, what your great English writer has termed it, a universal solvent, and has attacked and disintegrated every link of the chain of truths. The natural and philosophical truths on which reason rests are all denied or obscured at the present day; they deny the spirituality of the soul and its immutability, they deny the existence of God apart from nature, they deny the providence of God and His rule over the world. I suppose you have read the Syllabus?"

Lloyd was silent.

"They have not much time for study," said Kingshill, apologetically.

"It deserves study," said Don Venanzio, quietly. "However, you will understand what I want to point out if I simply enumerate its heads. Pantheism, Naturalism, Rationalism, absolute and moderate, Indifferentism, Latitudinarianism, Socialism, Communism, errors concerning the Church and her rights, concerning civil society and its relations with the Church, concerning natural and Christian morals, concerning Christian marriage, the Civil Princedom of the Roman Pontiff, and concerning modern Liberalism. The mere catalogue of these heads is enough to show that the world is infected, in the mind of the Pope, with a vast multitude of errors, many of which assail the very foundations of Christian belief, or Christian society, and would, if they could prevail, destroy all action of the Church upon society; and in these multitudinous errors we see, not one or two heresies, but a whole army of falsehoods, more or less penetrating, but all deadly and poisonous, and we have therefore in these a most abundant reason for the summoning of a Council to condemn them, and if it may be so, by God's aid, to remedy the frightful evils which they are bringing in upon the world."

"Do you mean, then," said Lloyd, "that the Council will have to affirm the condemnations contained in the Encyclical and in the Syllabus?"

"You know, perhaps," said Don Venanzio, "that no one has a right to say even what will be brought before the Council. Preparations are being made at Rome that the questions may be got ready, as it were, for discussion, not quite in the same way as

that in which the measures to be submitted to Parliament are prepared by your cabinet ministers and others, but still in a way which has some analogy to that. But no one is allowed by the Pope to reveal what the particular subjects are. If there were not this prohibition, we might perhaps know more than we do, but we should have the whole press of Europe clamorous with discussions and suggestions, and it is perfectly possible that other and even graver inconveniences might arise. As it is, we can know nothing for certain. We have, however, the Bull of Indiction to go by, in which the Pope has expressed in general terms the subjects of the discussions of the future Council, and although his words seem to include many topics as to which the Syllabus has said nothing, there are still some expressions which confirm the extremely great antecedent probability that those at least which it has spoken of will be considered. But I was only trying to show you that there are plenty of dangerous errors in the air for the Council to condemn."

"I should imagine there were," said Lloyd, "if only half of what you have named are to be considered heresies of that character which has marked the errors condemned by Councils of the Church. Some of them, however, at all events, sound very like political or social matters, such as I should have thought lay outside the realm of dogma and of faith."

Kingshill smiled, and broke in, "You see, Padre, our friend wants a little instruction about the connection between the natural and the supernatural order, which we have often talked about. He does not see that morality and natural right are under the guardianship of the Church, and that reason and justice cannot be subverted without danger to the faith and to the foundations of Christian society. But I don't mean to let him carry you off from your proper path to night. You are telling us what the Council may do, not explaining how it comes that it has a right to do it. Now, may I ask, what are those other subjects indicated in the Bull of Indiction which you mentioned just now?"

"The Holy Father," said Don Venanzio, "speaks of the discipline of the Clergy, both secular and regular, their good and solid training, the observance of ecclesiastical laws, the reform of manners, the Christian education of the young, and the peace and concord of nations. He distinctly contemplates the provision for all evils of all sorts that now infest the Church or civil society. This is a large field of labour enough, and it would not be difficult to point out how much there is that requires reform under each of these general heads. The 'discipline of the Clergy' and 'the observance of ecclesiastical law' alone would give work enough for great deliberation and careful arrangement. This is one of the very greatest needs of the Church at the present time."

"Do you mean," I said, "that the Clergy is not well disciplined?"

I thought there was little to complain of on that score in the Catholic world."

"It is not exactly that the discipline of the Clergy has been relaxed—on the contrary, we might perhaps thank God that it never has been in a better state. But there can be no doubt that what the Bishop who was here yesterday called the 'common law' of the Church requires revision, or at least adjustment and rearrangement. The laws of all societies must be adapted to the external condition of those societies, and as to these there is change from age to age. Nothing can be much more different than the external condition of the Church as a society at present and her condition three hundred years ago, when her common law and discipline were settled for the last time. The interval has witnessed what you call in this country the disestablishment of the Church throughout Europe, the repudiation by the State of all alliance with her, the confiscation of her property, the destruction of her monastic system, the secularisation of her Universities, and other kindred institutions, and the denial to her of that legal *status* which she formerly possessed. If you knew the old Canon Law well, you would know also that a great part of it has become inapplicable and obsolete in consequence, and there is need of new legislation to bring us into harmony with the requirements of our present condition. For my part, I really believe that this will be almost the chief part of the labours of the Council. It makes little noise in the world, and does not excite apprehension or enthusiasm like the Syllabus or the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, but I see that the most practical men, like your cousin, Signor Lloyd, the Bishop of whom I speak, seem to anticipate what I say. Besides, there is still something to be done for the better education of the Clergy."

"How do the Religious Orders," said Kingshill, "require the attention of the Council? I thought they were in a good enough state."

Don Venanzio sighed. "In this country you see them on their mettle, as you say, they are mostly of new plantation or revival, and have no *raison d'être* but hard work and exertion for the salvation of souls. So perhaps it is in France also, and in some other parts. But we cannot deny that many of the most ancient and famous Religious Institutes have never yet recovered from the deadly blows which they received at the time of the French Revolution and in the subsequent confusion, lasting for so many years, and this period had been preceded in most Catholic countries by a reign of Josephism, under which the action of Rome and of the heads of Religious Orders residing there was quite paralysed by the usurpation of the Government, and a great decay of Religious life and discipline was the result. These evils are not cured in a day. If you had ever travelled through the Regno di Napoli or Sicily in the days of the late King, who was one of the most obstinate of men as to what he considered his

royal prerogatives, even against the Santo Padre himself, you would have seen something of what I mean. Or to take an instance in former days, if you recollect, the admirable life of De Rancé, which you have on your library table, gives an insight into the state to which the Order of Cîteaux, once the glory of the Church in the days of St. Bernard, had fallen in those of Louis XIV. But perhaps I ought not to speak even thus much in disparagement of Institutes which I venerate so much, and which even in their decadence do so much service to the Church. There has, however, been a good deal of trouble, I think, at Rome, about these Religious Orders, and several new and sweeping regulations have lately been issued concerning them. But there is another and a happier cause for the solicitude of the Council in this respect. The last half century has witnessed a wonderful new growth of Religious Institutes of almost every sort, and indeed you have a goodly crowd of their representatives in London at present. They sprung up literally by hundreds on the Continent, chiefly in France, after the wars of Napoleon had come to an end. Ireland has produced some most beautiful institutes, the Irish Sisters of Charity, the Loreto Nuns, the Sisters of the Presentation and of Mercy; and hardly any country has been quite unfruitful in this respect. It is only natural that all this fertility should require regulation, perhaps even pruning. Many people think that some check should be put on new Institutes, if they are to do nothing more than cover ground and labour at works already occupied by others; and many more are aware that their rules and customs might be better for modification, that the failing strength of some of them already requires the support they might gain from union and amalgamation among themselves. Then it is not impossible that something may have to be arranged as to their relation to Rome, and also to the Bishops in whose dioceses they work, and this again reminds me that there are questions of the same sort, and very delicate questions, which relate to the position of the Clergy of the second order to their Bishops and to the central authority at Rome respectively. But we can't expect in half an hour to take even what you call a bird's-eye view of the wide range of subjects which are hinted at in the Bull of Indiction, and which may be occupying now, and may have occupied for many months past, the serious thought and study of the many learned men who are assembled at Rome for the preparation of the work of the Council."

"But," he continued, "I have not spoken at all yet of some of the heads as to which it is most important for the Church to make her position clear before the world, and to let her voice sound in accents that cannot be mistaken in the ears of her children, and indeed of those outside her pale. What a number of question are involved in the subjects of education, of marriage, of the relations between the Church and the civil power! Most of the States of Europe

have entered on an un-Catholic path in respect of these matters, and again, where Concordats have been solemnly made, they are repudiated, or altered, or added to by 'organic laws,' or treated as if they bound one only of the contracting parties. It required a great and heaven-taught mind," said Don Venanzio, rising and walking slowly to and fro in front of us, "a large and wide heart, like that which God gave to Solomon, to embrace all the various needs and dangers of the Church and of Christian society, and then to summon the Bishops of the whole world to meet in that one little corner of Europe which can still be said truly to belong to the Church, in order to provide a remedy, at least in order to arm the flock of Jesus Christ with right principles and prudent counsels concerning them, and I do not think that anywhere in the history of the Church is there to be found a more striking instance than this of divine instinct and lofty faith in the successor of St. Peter, despoiled and robbed as he has been, abandoned and betrayed by those who had pledged themselves to him, and all but surrounded by the army of robbers and assassins who desire nothing better than to drown the Council which he has convoked in its own blood, if Providence gives them the opportunity. Oh, Signori, we live in glorious days, when great things are being done for the Church of God! For my part, I think we have waited all these years since the definition of the Immaculate Conception for the great blessing which Maria Santissima was to win for the Church on earth and its Pontiff, as a return for the greater honour secured to her by that declaration, and year after year the clouds have gathered more thickly, and we have seen sad calamities and havoc in the sanctuary and up to the very gates of Rome itself, yet Rome has always been marvellously protected, and Pius IX. has remained unshaken, so that the enemies of the Church have themselves been astonished and confounded at the peace which has reigned around him: and now perhaps we are to see why there has been so long a delay, and why the Revolution has been beaten back from the prey which it most of all yearned to devour, for the greatest event of the nineteenth century is to be this Council assembled in Rome under Pius himself, in the very Basilica which fifteen years ago rang with the *Te Deum* shouted by thousands upon thousands of voices after he had read the Bull of Definition, and we are to see what the Church of God, under the blessing of Maria Immacolata can do for the welfare of perishing mankind, *Illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbra mortis sedent, ad dirigendos pedes nostros in viam pacis!* Amen, Amen, my friends, let us pray that so it may be!"

We were all much affected by the enthusiasm of the good Padre, and sat for a time more inclined to pray than to ask questions. Just then a bell rang in the house, and a few strokes were given on another in the graceful turret which marked the roof of the little chapel. Don Venanzio hurried off towards the side door which led from the garden into his small sacristy, and we

followed our host into the drawing-room, which the ladies were just leaving. It was time for "night prayers," which were said for the whole household, and for those of the villagers, who liked to attend, in the chapel, just before the servants' supper. The chapel had been in truth a part of the house, but it was now shut off except by one door on each floor, and a separate approach had been contrived from the road, so that the villagers could come in whenever they chose.

Lloyd and I have often rejoiced over the good old Catholic custom, still kept up in some of the missions even in London, of gathering together Priest and people before the Tabernacle every night, for the simple and beautiful prayers in the *Garden of the Soul*. This evening the devotions seemed to fit in very well with the tone of our mind after Don Venanzio's talk. It was within the Octave of one of our Blessed Lady's Feasts, and after the Padre had said the usual prayers, a little serving-boy lighted about half a dozen of the candles on the altar, and brought in the thurible and the incense. Don Venanzio opened the door of the tabernacle, but did not take the Blessed Sacrament out, though he incensed it. The organ struck up, and the whole household, led by Kingshill, Gertrude, and Clara, sang the *O Salutaris* and the *Ave Maris Stella*, and the *Tantum Ergo*. Don Venanzio incensed the tabernacle again, and intoned the prayers of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Holy Ghost; then, after a pause, the tabernacle was closed, and the little function ended with the versicles beginning "Blessed be God!" Lloyd had never seen this simple and quiet form of Benediction before, but Kingshill assured him that it was not uncommon in Italy.

Don Venanzio did not appear again after night prayers, but it was only just nine, and tea was brought in soon after our return to the drawing-room.

"Well, puss," said Kingshill, "how did you get on with your chess while we were debating on the affairs of the Church?"

"Modesty, and a due regard to your feelings as a husband, forbid me to answer," said Clara.

"Oh," said Gertrude, "she gave me a regular sacking, three times over. Excuse me, Mr. Lloyd, but that gentleman there taught me a few of his school expressions in my younger days. Now, after tea, Clara shall sing us two or three songs, and then I intend to ask you to avenge my honour. You've improved wonderfully since you were here last, Clara, I must say that for myself. But Mr. Lloyd will tame you, I know."

"I am Miss Lancaster's servant at command," said Lloyd.

He is a terrible chess-player, but he has never studied the game scientifically.

"I am Mr. Lloyd's obedient disciple," said Clara, with a demure curtsy.

The two or three songs were sung, and for my part I wished they had been more, but Lloyd was quite anxious for his game at

chess; so they sat down. Gertrude took up some work, and Charles Kingshill a book; I lounged by the side of the players, though Clara begged me not to remind the company too much of the Angel in Retzsch's famous outline.

"A compliment for me, I suppose," said Lloyd, "thank you."

He seemed at first to have the game in his own hands, and Clara lost a castle. Then he suddenly found that she had been combining her other pieces in a manner which was altogether new to him, and in two moves more he was checkmated. He tried again, and this time she attacked him, cut his pieces down without giving him a chance, and won easily.

"You have a great head for chess, Miss Lancaster," he said.

"No, Mr. Lloyd, I must contradict you. But papa loves chess, and he makes me play Morphy's games over with him. I shall be very happy to lend you the book."

Soon after this we all went to rest.

CHAPTER VI.—INFALLIBILITY.

THE arrangements at Lydney Lodge are liberal, if I may use the word, as to the breakfast-hour. Don Venanzio says prayers and Mass at eight, but we do not meet at the breakfast-table till half-past nine; a lazy soul may therefore indulge himself in the morning, if he is so inclined. The Kingshills always spend the interval between Mass and breakfast in the library, either reading together or arranging their plans for the day. The post comes in early, so that everything can be fixed and even letters answered before breakfast. My cousin always spoils me when I visit her by giving up to me a little upstairs sitting-room, which goes by the name of the boudoir, and is fitted up with favourite pictures and books brought from her father's house, where a large part of my own childhood had been spent. When her mother died after a few years of widowhood, there was no one left to live in it, as her only brother, a City merchant, had settled himself down a few miles from London, going up by the train every morning to his business. Her family portraits and other heirlooms are chiefly here, with a number of my uncle's books, a quantity of old china, some pretty ivory knick-knacks, and—what I like especially to overhaul whenever I have the opportunity—Gertrude's own girlish sketches of the neighbourhood of her home. Over the fireplace are a row of photographs of the house, the old village church, and the churchyard in which her parents lie. She told me overnight that the room was ready for me, and, when I went upstairs in the morning, after Mass, I found my letters and papers arranged on the table, by the side of a little vase of freshly-gathered flowers. We had been fellow-gardeners in former days, and there was not a sprig in the whole nosegay that did not tell me how the hand that gathered it had been guided by some old and cherished

memory. A beautiful miniature copy of the Madonna del Gran Duca rested on a little stand in the middle of the table, as if to take possession for Catholicism of the past as well as of the present of the pure and tranquil life of the mistress of the room.

The window, on which the sun was already shining, commanded little view beyond the garden, in a green alley of which, at some distance from the house, I could see Miss Lancaster pacing slowly up and down, with a book in her hand, which she opened only from time to time. Her recollected manner puzzled me, till it struck me that she was conscientiously trying to make a meditation. I watched her for some minutes with some unfair curiosity, to see if she would turn to the flowers or shrubs or butterflies around her, but she went steadily on, as if she had been a Priest saying Office. Then I reproached myself for spying, and turned to the table, where my, happily, scanty post did not engage my attention many minutes. My clerk could not send me any papers for at least a day, and few others knew where I was. So I took up one of the new-looking books lying on a side table, and found that I had made a fortunate venture. It was a little *Traité Theologique adressé aux gens du Monde* on the subject of our discussion of the last evening.

I turned at once to the chapter about the probable subjects of deliberation in the approaching Council, and found that Don Venanzio had only lightly touched upon a good number, which the author I held in my hand treated more fully. The writer had been at the pains to collect the conjectures which had been put forward by others before him, and he rejected such topics as that of universal suffrage, or the form of political government, or the manner of the election of the Popes, or the existing custom which enacts that the Pope must be an Italian, and the like. He explained some things which I had hardly understood when Don Venanzio alluded to them, such as what is supposed by some to be the rather arbitrary power intrusted to Bishops over Priests by the process which is called *ex informatâ conscientiâ*, necessary, indeed, as it seems to be, and profitably as it seems to be exercised for the good of the Church. He adds that some new rules may be required as to the suspension of labour in certain cases on days of obligation, as to usury in its widest sense, as to the extent of the rules of fasting and abstinence—which are so often modified by dispensations, as to certain impediments of marriage, as to the application of the rule of the Index, and even as to devotions. I can't say that the author quite satisfied me on all these points, but his book was a useful supplement to the conversation I had listened to. On turning over the pages I found a passage that struck me, as touching on a point which, certainly, Don Venanzio had *not* mentioned. The author said that he had placed among the subjects which he conjectured to be likely to furnish matter for the deliberations of the Council, the Authority and Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff. I knew

that this was a favourite topic with a certain party in England, and that many Bishops abroad had spoken of it in the same way as the author of the volume into which I was dipping. But it was quite clear that Don Venanzio, a thoroughly sound and very thoughtful theologian, had said nothing about it. This, too, was one of Lloyd's chief bugbears. I determined to see whether he had been attentive enough to discover the omission, and what he would make of it, and I resolved also to question the good Padre as soon as I could find an opportunity.

Soon the breakfast-bell rang, and I hastened downstairs, meeting Lloyd and Clara as they came, the one from the direction of the chapel, the other from the garden. Lloyd began to joke her about studying her Morphy before breakfast, but she shook her head gaily, and I could see that her book was of a very different sort, though she said nothing. After news and food had been duly discussed, the arrangements of the day were made. We were to stroll about, read, or write letters till luncheon. Then Kingshill, Lloyd, and Clara were to ride over the down to Clamber Beacon, and back through the woods and drives of one of the great parks I have already mentioned, while I was to drive Gertrude so as to meet them, opening the gates of the drives as we went along with a private key, so that we might all return together. "So you'll have your usual talk over old times with her, Master Frank," whispered her husband, "and she'll give you her yearly account of her conscience, and of mine too." "I've not much to confess," said Gertrude quietly, looking over his shoulder.

As Lloyd must smoke, though in great moderation, and as I knew that Kingshill always liked an hour or two with his books in the morning, I caught my fellow-visitor soon after breakfast, when he had had time to get through the evening paper which the post had brought him, and took him out to stroll in the shrubbery. I found him, for the moment, more full of chess than of the Pope's Infallibility. "A fine player that Morphy was," he said; "a young American who came over here a few years ago and beat everybody. They say our best player of all didn't quite like to meet him, and I believe, at all events, they never met. I'll get his book. There's nothing like science in these matters. Do you know I think one ought to train for chess as well as for a boat-race—at least, a man out of practice is no good in either against one who has been at it lately. A great deal depends on the state of the nerves, too, and on a quiet mind. I forget whether Morphy smoked or not. I should like very much to checkmate that Miss Clara."

"She certainly seemed to knock you about at her ease."

"Look here, shall we find the Padre at home now, do you think?"

"Well, he's often at the school in the morning, but its not ten yards off his house, so there's no harm in trying. What do you want?"

"I've brought him a little stock of Lecce snuff, which I know he values. It's not easy to get."

We sauntered through the garden to the presbytery, and found the good Padre pacing up and down a tiny terrace walk, which formed nearly the whole of his own peculiar domain, except an ample kitchen garden. He greeted us cordially, and Lloyd tendered his offering, which was accepted with delight.

"Lecce will soon have another Saint, I hear," said Don Venanzio. "There was a famous Father of the Compagnia lived there a great part of his life, Bernardino Realino, and they say his cause is getting on very fast. They often tried to send him away from Lecce, but he always fell ill the moment he started, and could not get on with his journey. Well, that poor Regno di Napoli wants new protectors in Heaven very much."

"The late Queen's cause has been introduced, has it not?" said I. "I mean the first wife of Ferdinand, and the mother of Francesco Secondo."

"*Sicuro*," said the Padre. "We may hope to have her on the altar, but that can't be in our time, I suppose. By-the-bye, I have something on my conscience which I forgot to say last night. Have you time, Signor Lloyd, to hear what it is?"

"Plenty of time, Padre, only I hope it is not about what I was so glad to think afterwards that you had left out of the number of subjects for discussion at the Council. I assure you it comforted me last night, although I did get beaten at chess by that young lady. Pray don't tell me that you left out the Infallibility of the Pope."

"That's the precise point," said Don Venanzio, laughing.

"Well," said Lloyd, "I am not very learned about the matter, and I am sure that, as it is, we all receive the teaching of the Pope whenever he decides anything on faith or morals as we should have received that of St. Peter himself, but I supposed that he always spoke the voice of the Church which can never fail, and so was infallible. Now if it is to be settled that he is infallible without the Church, we shall have to alter our catechisms, I fancy, and that has an ugly look. Not long ago I saw a catechism praised in one of the Ultramontane papers or reviews, I forget which—I only took it up by mistake at the club—and it's a catechism I happen to have looked at sometimes when I have to hold an argument on religion, and I am sure it says that the Personal Infallibility of the Pope is a Protestant calumny."

"We've heard of that," said the Padre; "but it is not quite as you say. The Catechism might be better, no doubt, but I think it only says that the necessity of believing the Pope to be infallible alone is a Protestant invention. But from what you say, I think you are frightened unreasonably. You mentioned St. Peter, and I don't think you can speak more correctly on the subject than you do when you say that you listen to the Pope as you would to St. Peter. Now there is nothing

in this doctrine of the Infallibility of the Pope, as it is rightly understood, that is not simply a deduction from the words of our Lord in the Gospel about St. Peter. The Scriptural proof is as clear as possible. So is the witness of Christian tradition and history, fairly understood. It is not impossible to raise difficulties as to one or two Popes, but it would be one of the greatest of all wonders if it were otherwise. There are times in the Church of which we really know very little; and besides, Popes may commit faults, they may be negligent, and it is possible they may be personally wicked, and some of their acts may seem to belong to their dogmatic *ex cathedrâ* teaching when it is not really so. The easy way to take the evidence of Christian history would be to examine some particular period, the controversy with reference to some one great question, as to which we really have contemporaneous documents, and then see if the estimate then formed by the Church as to the position of the Supreme Pontiff was in reality different from that which is formed now by those who are called Ultramontane. And to my mind, the history of the Council of Chalcedon and of St. Leo's relation to it, his language, and the language and the Acts of the Council, are enough to settle the question. But I am not going to argue the point now. I wanted to say to you, Signori, that the discussion on the point of the Infallibility of the Pope is not distinctly intimated in the Bull of Indiction. We do not know whether there is any intention at Rome of submitting it to the Council. Some of the most eminent of the Bishops who have issued Pastorals on the subject of the Council have made no mention of it at all. It is said, but I do not know how truly, that some of them have written to Rome that they do not think it advisable that the question should be mooted. On the other hand, a great many have spoken of it as a thing desired by themselves and by the Faithful at large, and there have been some very powerful arguments published in its favour. You ought to know more about it, for one of the most important of all, one which will certainly arouse attention abroad as well as at home, has come out not a hundred miles, as you say in England, from your own diocese. It is the best thing that has appeared for a long time—a real event. It will be translated into French and Latin, and make a great noise. I have read, or at least seen extracts from, a good many of these Pastorals, and the argument seems to me most powerful. There are a few historical difficulties, but they are not of moment. And it is said that the Council must notice the Gallican Declaration of 1682, and that that is occasion enough to bring about the definition. What can be said for certain is that the doctrine is in Scripture, tradition, and Church history, that men's minds are full of it, that there seems to be a need for its declaration, and that the Council is hardly likely to pass away without it being mentioned. What will be done, God alone can tell. The Church has a wisdom and a prudence of her own, and she is often guided to refrain from

some step which seems obvious and almost inevitable; at other times she seems to be guided to what is bold and unexpected. I really think, after all the preparation, people hardly expected the definition of the Immaculate Conception when it came."

"But stay," added Don Venanzio, after diving for a moment into his little study, "let me read you the words of two of the most eminent of the French Bishops, both of whom believe firmly in the doctrine of which we are speaking. The first is the Bishop of Grenoble, who is speaking of the examination necessary for the settlement of a great question. 'This examination and discussion must be wisely proportioned to the nature and importance of the questions, to the opposition with which they meet, and to the difficulties which they may occasion. To think of dispensing with examination because the importance of the question is universal, or because it relates to what is the greatest thing in the Church, would be not only to depart from the practice of all ages, but to commit the gravest imprudence, and to awaken in all serious minds just suspicions against the decision that might be arrived at. In former ages nothing was so much dreaded as the appearing not to give sufficient time to important decisions, and not to give abundant satisfaction to the difficulties even of the most prejudiced.' The second is the celebrated Bishop of Poitiers, one of the glories of the French Church. I quote from a sermon, or homily, in which he had declared that he had accepted without reserve the Infallibility of the Pope when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*. He added, however, these words: 'Remark, dear brethren and children, that while I express my own conviction and yours as to the substance of this doctrine, I in no way mean to call for or to anticipate a Conciliar Definition, the opportuneness of which, in the first place, and the form of which, in the second place, ought to be entirely reserved to the judgment of the great Synodal Assembly and to the supreme will of the Holy Ghost. In a matter so grave, so delicate, and so intricate, we know well that we must not let ourselves be guided either by enthusiasm or by personal opinion; we know that every word must be weighed and explained, every aspect of the question examined, every case foreseen, all false applications provided against, all inconveniences balanced against the advantages, and after all that nothing ought to be done save under the influence of inspiration from on high.' It seems to me as if little more could be said on the subject. We must wait and pray and leave the issue to God. But I should be sorry if I had not mentioned, among the subjects that may be discussed at the Council, what so large a portion of the Church undoubtedly desires and even anticipates. Some people, indeed, have looked, as it were, over all the field of truth, and hunted up every single matter that can by possibility be discussed. After all, the time is very short, and the evils of the present day are quite important enough to occupy the whole time of the Council."

"I suppose," I said, "we shall hear how things go on? There are to be a number of newspaper correspondents sent to Rome, and no doubt the papers will be full of the proceedings."

The Padre laughed. "You will hear a great deal about the processions, and the solemn functions, and the Prelates who are assembled, and so on. Roman correspondence, as it is, is made up a good deal of mere gossip, at least in most of the papers, and you will have the usual supply increased ten-fold. But except for the picturesque writing, at which some of your correspondents are so clever, I would not advise you to read a word of what will be written. The Bishop, who was here lately, warned us specially against believing what is reported, except on the faith of official documents. I shall stick to my friend the *Westminster*, which I have hitherto found excellent in its Roman correspondence; but I don't expect to know much about it all till the Decrees are published. One thing is certain—there will be a great deal of invention exercised, to make up for the absence of true information. It is bad enough as it is, but during the Council it will be ten times worse."

"Well," said Lloyd, "I am much obliged to you, Padre, for all you have told us. I pray God with all my heart that it may turn out well."

"Yes, let us all pray. And we may surely expect the greatest blessings from so rare and solemn an act of the Church. I expect that here, in England, not to speak of the Church generally, we shall benefit immensely. There has been an attempt to make this particular matter the badge of a party, and some of our authorities have had to complain that delicate and abstruse questions have been dragged needlessly into discussion. You English are somewhat pugnacious, if I may say so, Signori, and in a very small community like ours a school of opinion soon becomes a clique, and a debate soon becomes a quarrel. We want union above all things, and union is the fruit of charity and truth. So we shall gain very much if this and other questions are set at rest.* The result of what has been going on is often the ruin of souls, which Bishops and Priests know about only too well. It will be a great blessing to hear the calm, solemn, authentic voice of the Church, the united Doctorate which has true divine commission and grace to teach, instead of that of those who have no commission at all. All things find their level when the Church speaks. The false ideas of the day have taken a deep root in the English nation, and it will be of immense service to have them characterised afresh, as they deserve to be, by the united verdict of the Catholic Episcopate. And even, Signor Lloyd, if what you are so much afraid of should take place, you and other good English Catholics, the children of those who have kept the faith alive in this country at the cost of their property, their worldly station, and their blood, will joyfully receive the teaching of the Holy Ghost, and under-

stand that every definition which makes that teaching more precise is a fresh blessing from God. Nay, I may say, either way we shall gain, because disputes will be silenced, parties broken up, false pretensions exposed, false alarms dispelled. The Council will certainly draw to itself the enthusiasm and loyalty of all the children of the Church, and whatever unites them in a common expression of faith and devotion, binds them also to each other by the enjoyment of a clearer light and the attraction of a more intense charity."

"So be it, by all means," I said. "And now, Lloyd, we must leave the Padre to his work, and adjourn our Council on the Council."

"Till 'this day six months?'" said he, laughing.

"A little longer, perhaps," said Don Venanzio. "But when you come here again this time next year we may be able to see how far we have been right in our expectations as to the work of the right hand of the Most High."

The Consalvi Controversy.

THE Memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi, published some time ago in France by M. Crétineau-Joly, after having been received as authentic and used as historical evidence, especially by M. d'Haussonville, in his large but as yet unfinished work on the *Church of Rome and the First Empire*,* have lately been called in question by no less an authority than Father Theiner, Prefect of the Archives of the Vatican. This voluminous writer has undertaken, it would appear, the rehabilitation of the character of the First Napoleon, which had lost considerably in credit, first by the official publication of his own correspondence, and still more by the revelations so ably used by M. d'Haussonville. Father Theiner's work consists of two large volumes,† in what is considered in France rather barbarous French, which, however, contain a number of documents which have never before been published, access to which was denied or was impossible to M. d'Haussonville. These documents are of incontestable value, whatever may be thought of Father Theiner's part of the volumes in which they appear. The history traced in these volumes is that of the two Concordats concluded by Napoleon with Pius VII.—that for France and that for the “Cisalpine Republic”—and it is followed by a narrative of the journey of the Pope to crown Napoleon Emperor of the French. Father Theiner has had access to the French archives—

* *L'Eglise Romaine et le Premier Empire* (1806—1814), avec notes, correspondances diplomatiques et pièces justificatives entièrement inédites. Par M. le Cte. d'Haussonville. 3 tom. M. Levy, 1868.

† *Histoire des deux Concordats de la République Française et de la République Cisalpine*, conclus en 1801 et 1802 entre Napoleon Bonaparte et le Saint Siege, suivie d'une relation de son couronnement comme Empereur des Français par Pie VII., d'après des documents inédits, extraits des archives secrètes du Vatican et de celles de France. Par A. Theiner, Préfet des Archives du Vatican, etc. 2 tom. Bar le Duc et Paris, 1869.

which were closed against M. d'Haussonville, not, however, before he had made some good use of them.

M. d'Haussonville's book, which appeared first in the shape of articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and has since been somewhat modified in certain important points, is to some extent—like many other works lately published in France—an attack on the Empire in general under the form of a narrative of some of the shabbiest deeds of the first Empire in particular. Among other things, he has printed a number of damaging letters of Napoleon I., with the ironical annotation that they have not been inserted in the official edition of the Emperor's correspondence. Considering how things go or have gone in France of late years, it is not very wonderful that M. d'Haussonville was soon prevented from ranging at will among the national archives. By parity of reasoning, we may suppose that when Father Theiner presented himself and was admitted, it was in the guise of a friend to the memory of Napoleon I., who probably also aspired to the character of a faithful servant of Napoleon III. But the French archives are not the only secret sources opened to Father Theiner alone. He has also used the archives of the Vatican, and particularly the despatches of Cardinal Consalvi addressed to Rome. Consalvi therefore appears, as we shall see, on both sides of the question. His *Memoirs*, written long after the time of his embassy, are the main foundation of the narrative—as to the Concordat—of M. d'Haussonville; his despatches, addressed at that time to his Sovereign, constitute the most important documents alleged by Father Theiner. It is on a supposed discrepancy between the two that the latter writer, though with hesitation and indeed with not a little self-contradiction, denies the authenticity of the memoirs—or at least their freedom from interpolation—as published by M. Crétineau-Joly. This last-named gentleman is not of a temper or character to sit down tamely under such an insinuation. He has had some tough fighting with Father Theiner before this, and is commonly supposed to have come off victorious. He has been nothing loth to resume his weapons; and those whose tastes lead them to study the

phenomena of a bitter literary castigation, worthy of the old days of the Phalaris controversy, may find a good deal to satisfy their appetite in his last volume,* which contains, however, a large proportion of sound argument and useful information by the side of the passages devoted to animadversions on Father Theiner.

Before we pass to the main question, which concerns the authenticity of the memoirs, it is fair to say that Father Theiner's book has done good service as against M. d'Haussonville in furnishing materials for the vindication of the policy of the Holy See in the matter of the Concordat. That treaty has been violently altered (in practice) by the working of the Organic Laws afterwards added by Napoleon, and never admitted by the Holy See ; it imposed on the Pope very hard sacrifices, and required the exercise of the very plenitude of his power in the reconstitution of the Church of France. Napoleon's own dealings with Pius VII. were usually disgraceful, alternating often between the meanness of a cheater at cards and the ferocity of a savage bully ; and, in particular, it cannot be denied that he led the Pope to expect a number of concessions for the sake of luring him, as it were, to his own coronation, and at last gave him nothing at all, after humiliating him in every possible way. Nevertheless, the Concordat was a great achievement ; it gave to the Church of France its legal and incontestable existence, it annihilated the schism of Constitutionalism—at the cost, indeed, of the aggrandisement of many individual "Constitutionnels,"—it secured the Clergy their support, it set religion free to work upon the people, and it cut the ground from under the feet of any one who should at any future time seek to revive in France the principles known as Gallican. The fertile and flourishing condition of the French Church at the present day is not indeed the fruit of the Concordat, but it is a fruit of the peaceful life of religion which the Concordat has secured. In this view of the matter M. d'Haussonville cannot agree, for he is inclined to follow

* *Bonaparte, le Concordat de 1801, et le Cardinal Consalvi*, suivi de deux lettres au Père Theiner sur le Pape Clement XIV. Par M. J. Créteineau-Joly. 1 tom. H. Plon, 1869.

the false tenets of the day about the essential advantages of the separation of Church and State ; but those who are not infected with the same opinions will recognise the proverbial prudence of the Holy See in negotiating with Napoleon, and in allowing him to have so much of his own way as he had in the framing of the conditions of agreement.

When, however, we come to the question of facts and of the appreciation of character, Father Theiner fails altogether to overthrow either M. d'Haussonville or M. Crétineau-Joly. As to the latter point, we must suppose that Father Theiner is one of those persons who are quite unfit to write history, because they invariably attach themselves to one side, which they praise up to the skies, in favour of which they pervert all the facts that admit of perversion, and are silent as to all those which tell against them, while they are equally unsparing and reckless in their depreciation and vilification of the other side. If we may judge from the language of one at least of his opponents, and of some of his critics in France, Father Theiner has not taken up the cause of Napoleon with enthusiasm without personal views in so doing. It appears to us, however, that his partisanship is so fulsome and intemperate as to be attributable to nothing more than that sort of mental malformation and deficiency of the judicial faculty which is not seldom to be found among men of great and ill-digested erudition ; and we may remember in this connection how the same writer, when set to vindicate Clement XIV., could find no better way of doing it than that of vilifying Clement XIII. His Napoleonism is Pindaric. He praises and admires everything ; consequently Consalvi, the French Bishops, and any one else who comes across his hero, are systematically depreciated. After Napoleon his hero is Cardinal Caprara—a Legate who probably cost the Pontiff whom he represented so badly more tears and sorrow than any one who ever filled the same position. Altogether, the historical “appreciations” of Father Theiner’s volumes are simply, to use plain terms, childish and contemptible.

There still, however, remains the question with which

we began this short paper—the question of the authenticity of the Memoirs of Consalvi, or rather, we should say, the correctness of the statements made in them. We have already said that Father Theiner himself does not speak consistently as to his charge. At one time he calls the Memoirs supposititious, at another he says they were written in Consalvi's old age, when he was full of angry reminiscences. Since Father Theiner wrote, the existence of the Memoirs has been placed beyond dispute. M. Crétineau-Joly has published a facsimile of the very passage most incriminated in the original Italian of Consalvi. Those who follow Father Theiner are thus reduced to that one of his two charges which fixes the misstatement as to facts upon Cardinal Consalvi himself, who, if there is any real discrepancy between the despatches and the Memoirs, must be supposed to have forgotten the facts, or to have exaggerated them when he wrote the latter.

We think it quite unnecessary to suppose any real contradiction between the two sets of documents. It is not to be denied that men in Cardinal Consalvi's position may forget, in the course of years, the details and the order of the scenes in which they have moved ; but Cardinal Consalvi's character does not prepare us for inaccuracy, and the particular scene as to which there is most question must have left itself imprinted on his memory in indelible characters. It was in truth the most important and critical moment of his life. This scene was the celebrated meeting at the house of Joseph Buonaparte, on July 13, 1801, at which, according to the Memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi, Bernier presented to him for signature a paper containing a different set of articles from those which had been agreed upon, without giving him to understand that any change had been made. The discrepancy between the despatches of the Cardinal and his Memoirs amounts to this : that the despatches mention the fact that on that same morning, before the arrival of Bernier to convey him to the house of Joseph Buonaparte, Consalvi had received, to his great chagrin, intimation that a new scheme had been drawn up on the part of Napoleon, which was to be

presented to him as an ultimatum. This fact is not mentioned in the Memoirs, which, however, tell us of the surprise of the Cardinal when, Joseph Buonaparte having made the remark that they should soon despatch their business, having nothing to do but to sign, "since all was fixed," Bernier—who had come to the meeting with a roll of paper in his hand which he said was the Concordat they were to sign, but did not unfold—suddenly presented to him for signature the paper in question, which he himself, on reading a few lines, discovered that it was not the scheme on which they had agreed.

The solution of the apparent difference, rather than contradiction, is very easy. Bernier on his arrival said nothing of a new scheme; Joseph Buonaparte's words implied that if such a change had been contemplated, it had been abandoned. Bernier's appearance with a roll ready prepared for signature, which he said was the Concordat, was inconsistent with the existence of fresh matter for deliberation. Consalvi had therefore every reason to suppose that the plan was not to be urged, and his surprise and indignation at finding out the fraud were perfectly natural. It only remains to explain why the despatch mentioned one part of the story and the Memoirs another. The despatch was written for transmission to Rome, it was liable to be intercepted, the cypher was known to Napoleon's agents, and what was written was therefore written under necessary constraint. The Memoirs dwell, as is natural, upon the scene itself; a memorable scene indeed, and one of the noblest as well as the most important in the noble and important life of Cardinal Consalvi. Further on in the same story there is a second apparent contradiction; for the Cardinal says in his Memoirs that Joseph Buonaparte proposed that they should sign the Concordat (which they at last agreed upon) at once, before presenting it to his brother, while in his despatch he states that he himself did this. Joseph Buonaparte may well have made this suggestion, but Consalvi in his official communication had to give an account of a step for which he had made himself responsible, and so simply took the responsibility. It would

have been out of place in his despatch to give what we may call the anecdotal account of the occurrence.

We feel confident that the remaining difficulties which have been raised against the accuracy of the Memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi on the ground of their apparent discrepancy from the despatches can be solved in the same way as those which we have mentioned. It is not necessary to maintain that the Cardinal's memory was better than that of other people. The Duke of Wellington, towards the end of his life, is said to have forgotten many things about the campaign and battle of Waterloo, and the best critics on the subject have sometimes set aside the evidence of his recollections. Cardinal Consalvi's Memoirs have a greater claim to credit for perfect accuracy than the chance answers given at all sorts of times by the Duke of Wellington to the questions with which he was so frequently bored to death; for the Memoirs were deliberately written, and must have been the fruit of careful and even painful thought over the past. But it is not necessary to claim for them any extraordinary immunity from error in minor points of detail. Mistakes, however, require to be proved, and we do not see any reason for thinking that the alleged errors cannot be easily explained by considerations such as we have alleged, drawn from the different characters of a despatch and a memoir respectively, from the great reserve under which the Cardinal wrote to Rome, and the like. After due weight has been given to such considerations, it seems perfectly monstrous to suppose that Consalvi in his old age invented the scene of the attempted substitution of one Concordat for another without warning, and by a disgraceful trick. That stigma must rest upon the memory of the First Napoleon—for there can be no doubt that he was the author of the attempt—whatever Father Theiner may say to the contrary. And, perhaps, from this apparent difference between two versions of the same story given at different times by the same person with different objects, which two versions are yet both true, we may read a useful lesson both as to the ease with which any single historical statement may mislead us, and as to the caution which should

be observed in rejecting the positive assertions of a competent and honest witness because they appear to be inconsistent with other positive assertions of another. If Consalvi had not been himself the witness in both the cases before us, few would have tried to reconcile the discrepancy. The principle of caution of which we speak holds good in a thousand cases, from the four Gospels downwards, but it has not been observed even as to them, much less in a greater number of instances of authorities of far minor certainty in which it would only have been simply reasonable to observe it.

Our Library Table.

1. EVERY great discussion among theologians, and every great step in the development or in the precise statement of Catholic doctrine, brings out prominently one or two men and one or two books, which are either influential in settling to some extent the current of thought, or at least distinguished for the accuracy with which they embody the floating and, before, unformed and unprecise, common belief of Christians. Whether the approaching Council will discuss the question of Pontifical Infallibility or not, we cannot tell; nor whether, if the discussion is raised, this particular assembly of the Bishops of the Catholic Church will finally set it at rest. It is equally uncertain whether it will require a Doctor, with whose name it may be specially associated, or who that Doctor may be. But we think we are neither hasty in our opinion, nor presumptuous in so far stretching the critical office as to state it, when we say, that of all the Pastorals or other pronouncements of Catholic Prelates that have as yet appeared, very few will excite greater attention, or be received with more general respect than Dr. Manning's present Pastoral.* It is, we understand, to be translated into French and Latin at once, and it will then be accessible to the whole Catholic Episcopate. It has, indeed, already been singled out for animadversion by a very distinguished Prelate who differs from the views it expresses. It has been called a "treatise," and the epithet is certainly quite correct, though the argument is necessarily condensed almost to an extreme degree, and would, no doubt, gain much by further development and illustration. We shall of course confine ourselves in this place to the barest enumeration of its contents.

The first chapter deals with the effect produced both in England and in France by the indication of the Council. There is here that strain of hopefulness and charity which has marked other statements of the Archbishop. He sees even in the Pan-Anglican Synod, and much more in other phenomena, marks of the yearning towards unity, which is affecting the minds of the great Anglo-Saxon race in both hemispheres. There is also a tone of marked liberality towards the ideas of the day. Dr. Manning does not admit the thought that the "principles of '89" can be really in discordance from the principles of Christian right and the spirit of the Church. He quotes largely

* *The Œcumenical Council and the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff: A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy, &c.* By H. E., Archbishop of Westminster. Longmans. 1869.

from an article by M. Albert de Broglie* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of February, 1869, on the relations between Christianity and Society, and he adduces the work of the late M. Leon Godard, *Les Principes de '89 et La Doctrine Catholique*, as a book corrected under the highest sanction, and as therefore well adapted to allay "the scare which in some quarters appears now to exist" (p. 24).

The Archbishop then proceeds to the more difficult part of the question before him. The second chapter treats of the "opportune-ness" of defining the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, and gives clearly and concisely—first, the reasons against the definition, then the answers to those reasons, and lastly the reasons for the definition. The third chapter sets forth Dr. Manning's own argument in defence of the proposed definition. He first traces the tradition backwards from the Council of Constance to the Council of Chalcedon—the proposition which requires proof being, that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility was ancient, unquestioned, and in possession at the time of the Council of Constance. The tradition is then taken up from the Council of Constance, and brought down to the time of the Gallican Declaration of 1682. Great use is made of M. Gérin's book, to which we drew attention several months ago, and which it can hardly be doubted has already worked a great change in public opinion, making it clear that the Declaration of 1682 was in no proper sense at all the expression of the opinion or belief of the Church of France. The Pastoral concludes with a chapter on the effects of the Council, and a postscript in which the work of Monsigneur Maret, *Du Concile Generale et de la Paix Religieuse*, is fairly and temperately criticised.

2. Mr. Ffoulkes has published a second pamphlet (*A Second Letter to the Most Rev. Archbishop Manning*. Hayes. 1869), which will hardly attain for its author even the transient celebrity which followed on the appearance of his former work. The main facts of his case are easily told, and have nothing remarkable about them. Mr. Ffoulkes' work on *The Divisions of Christendom* was placed on the *Index* at Rome about a year ago, almost immediately after the appearance of his Letter to the Archbishop of Westminster. This pamphlet, causing great scandal, of course complicated the whole business. Negotiations, if they are so to be called, ensued between Dr. Manning and Mr. Ffoulkes, the object of which was to secure to the latter that restoration of reputation among his fellow Catholics which is always the reward of an expression of sorrow for scandal given, and of an humble and respectful submission to the central authority of the Church. At one time a sort of retraction was all but agreed upon, but it got wind that Mr. Ffoulkes was reported to have characterised it as no retraction at all. Meanwhile the pamphlet also was placed on the *Index*, and, if we are to take the story as we find it in the

* M. de Broglie is the reputed author of a late article in the *Correspondant*, in anticipation of the Council, which has created much sensation in France, being considered as a manifesto on the side of (modified) Gallicanism.

second pamphlet before us, the terms of his submission were not considered satisfactory at Rome. At length the Archbishop wrote to inform Mr. Ffoulkes that he must not expect absolution until he submitted in the more formal manner required of him.

The pamphlet before us is in the main a narrative of this history. It is always a very painful thing to listen to a story of this kind : but Catholics will have the consolation of seeing that it will not tell, in the mind of any candid person, against the authorities of the Church. It is not our business to pass judgment on such matters, but we think that the public voice will certainly not condemn the Archbishop of undue severity, nor think that the terms of submission were exorbitant. Looking at the question—for the moment—as a simple matter of fairness, and taking Mr. Ffoulkes' own statement as to details, we can see only two points on which an impartial friend of his own could imagine that he had ground of complaint. The first point is, that his book was placed on the *Index* without any notice being sent to the author, who had thus no opportunity of submitting beforehand or of explanation, and the other lies in the fact that when there was question of a retraction, a formal declaration that he submitted to the authority which condemned him was required. The latter, we should imagine, would appear to most Englishmen a matter of simple common sense. Mr. Ffoulkes appears to have wished to set up a counter authority in England, his own Archbishop and the other members of the Hierarchy, and he was willing to be judged by *them*. This was to make them act on the supposition that the Roman condemnation was insufficient, or inauthoritative, or reversible by themselves. As to the former point, we may take Mr. Ffoulkes on his own ground. He quotes a regulation of Benedict XIV., according to which "as often as the question turns upon a work written by a Catholic of good character, and with a reputation gained, either from other published works of his, or may be from this very work, which having been brought under examination, has to be proscribed," the proceeding shall be that the book is condemned *donec corrigatur*, but the decree not published till the author has been communicated with, and told what should be struck out, changed, or corrected. If he should submit, and prepare a new edition with the proper corrections, the decree is to be suppressed, unless, on account of the wide circulation obtained by the uncorrected edition, it be necessary to condemn that alone. It is quite certain that this method of proceeding was not adopted in the case of Mr. Ffoulkes. The reason appears to be obvious enough, and must have been suggested to Mr. Ffoulkes by the comments made on the *Divisions of Christendom* by more than one Catholic reviewer. We ourselves have never questioned either the industry, the erudition, the abilities, or the good intentions of Mr. Ffoulkes, and we may therefore perhaps speak without suspicion on the matter. We have been uniformly obliged to speak of his works as not written from a Catholic point of view at all. They have seemed to us absolutely steeped in errors, and they could not

possibly acquire for their author any such reputation as could induce the Congregation of the Index to deal with him as a writer with whom it might be worth while to communicate before publishing its decree, or cite the book as one that could be possibly made acceptable to Catholics by any change short of one which would affect almost every page in it. Let us suppose, for instance, that the late Dean Milman's *Latin Christianity* were placed before the Congregation for examination. In such a case it would be perfectly absurd to negotiate with the author. The whole spirit of the work is as anti-Catholic as the whole spirit of Gibbon's work is anti-Christian. Yet we doubt whether Mr. Ffoulkes' book is much less anti-Catholic in its whole spirit than the work of Dean Milman. If so, it is no matter of complaint that it should have been treated as all other books of the same character with itself.*

3. When a well-known writer comes once more before the public to close his literary career, and add one more leaf to his crown of laurels, we expect to find in his book a worthy completion of a great work. We cannot, however, give it as our opinion that Mr. Browning has finished his poetical labour well. He already held a high position among the poets of the present century. It was therefore to have been expected that his most pretentious work, *The Ring and the Book*, would have corresponded to beginnings of such promise. As a last work of some great painter, it should have summed up all

* We ought perhaps to notice a strange statement made by Mr. Ffoulkes with regard to this periodical. At page 58 he speaks of "the repeated statements of the MONTH, that a man should go through a course of theological training in order to be qualified to state facts of that sort (facts of Church history) *honestly*, and estimate them at their proper worth." If Mr. Ffoulkes represents what he has read elsewhere with the same maladroitness with which he has here transformed "the repeated statements" of ours, of which he speaks, into something entirely different from their natural meaning, we do not wonder at his getting into trouble. We have never said a word in this connection about "honesty," and thus the insinuation conveyed by the introduction of that idea has no foundation whatever in our pages. We have often said that a knowledge of theology is necessary for the understanding of Church history, and that a proper course of training—as distinct from reading—is absolutely necessary to make a theologian—and we may take the liberty of being so far personal as to say that the thought of Mr. Ffoulkes himself has sometimes occurred to us in connection with possible illustrations of the importance as well as of the truth of the remark. The Church mentions it as a thing to be marvelled at in the great St. Antoninus, that he had so mighty a genius that he was able to dispense with a teacher. "Illud mirandum, tantum ingenio valuisse, ut omnes fermè scientias per se, nullo adhibito præceptore, absolutissime didicerit." Experience abundantly proves that prodigies of this sort are quite rare enough to justify this special mention in the account of one of the Saints. Will Mr. Ffoulkes forgive us if we say that his own writings fail to shake us in the opinion which we have long formed, that the marvel of which we speak has not been repeated in the present generation?

previous excellence, given old beauty over again with a yet finer and more polished touch, and reduced all previous fault and flaw to scarcely perceptible proportions. It has certainly summed up all previous labour, but not all previous excellence. It has not reduced, but rather developed into startling proportions, the faults of earlier attempts. It is the longest poem that has been given to the world for very many years. The reader almost feels a cold shudder pass over him as laboriously toiling through the hazy and crabbed passages that block up his way at nearly every step, he casts his eye for a moment on the four volumes of nearly four hundred pages each that lie before him for review. If bulk of volume and mass of writing could win a right to rule and sovereignty, Mr. Browning would unquestionably have vindicated to himself the poetical throne of these realms. The last possessor of the olive chaplet, through fright only of what was coming, would have ingloriously left the field. But as long as Mr. Tennyson can hold us spell-bound with his charming and melodious rhyme, and yet retains the power to loose from its very depths all the harmony of the English tongue, he may keep the field against all comers. By what we have said we by no means wish to insinuate that this is not a poem full of writing of the very highest order. It is crowded with noble thought to which Mr. Browning alone could have given birth. With all this, it is a very imperfect piece of work. It is naked. It is not in the dress of poetry. In short, it is a splendid work spoiled by great defects, though none the less spoiled because it is splendid. We will not, however, prejudice the matter. We will examine it in detail, and let the reader judge for himself. We will only say in anticipation that a careful examination has convinced us that it cannot be hailed as an accession of any great value to the English language.

The title of the work is not an afterthought meant to catch the eye of the novel-reading public, but deeply suggestive of its subject and aim. The author has at considerable length worked out an analogy between the task of fashioning from golden ore some well-wrought ring, and of extracting from the musty manuscripts of bygone years the gem of truth. The manuscripts themselves he picked up by the merest chance during a stay in Florence. We cannot do better than give in his own words the story which he found the prize to contain—

Count Guido Franceschini the Aretine,
 having four years ago
Married Pompilia Comparini, young,
Good, beautiful, at Rome where she was born,
And brought her to Arezzo, where they lived
Unhappy lives, whatever curse the cause.
The husband, taking four accomplices,
Followed this wife to Rome, where she was fled
From their Arezzo to find peace again
 and caught her there
Quiet in a villa on a Christmas night
With only Pietro and Violante by,
Both her putative parents ; killed the three.

* * * * *

Then bent upon escape, but hotly pressed,
And captured with his comrades that same night,
He brought to trial stood on this defence.

* * * * *

A month the trial swayed this way and that
Ere judgment settled down on Guido's guilt.

Vol. i., p. 41.

It is this short story which has given him matter for a poem of four volumes. Not that he has contrived to spin it out into a long epic, the plot of which continues undeveloped to the end. The mere development of the story has been the least important part of the poet's task. At plot there is scarcely an attempt. Any other fact of life equally interesting would have given an object round which to weave the same beauty of imagery and delineation of character. The aim of the work seems to be to take some event not at all marvellous, but sufficiently interesting, and from it to evoke the characters of men. He has chosen a single object, and by exposing it to different lights, showed how various are the hues it assumes, according as the light is different to which it is exposed. His object is a little fact of history. And striking is the change of meaning with which it is invested according as we look at it in the light of the mob, of the educated, of the actors in it, or of the judges of it. The character of each of these is analysed. The skill and vigour with which the poet gives to each view of the case all the air of reality and truth, is such that our sympathies and convictions seem to be entirely at his command. When the mob speaks, we are with the mob, when the Pope, with the Pope. For Mr. Browning has in an eminent degree that principal quality of every true poet, the power of throwing himself out of himself, and gleaning from the minds he enters trophies such as they themselves would be utterly unable to lay bare. As we turn from character to character, the same insight and vigour of description is everywhere evident.

In his principal character, Count Guido, the author has searched the very depths of a villain's heart, and laid it bare in all its malice, selfishness, hardness, and cunning. The Count is introduced in the act of addressing his judges. Arraigned for the murder of his wife and her foster-parents, he describes himself as a long-suffering victim by multiplied wrongs goaded to a desperate deed. With caustic wit, he speaks to his judges as to men whom aims of a like kind, and lives as meaningless and selfish as his own, have seated as his judges when a different turn of the wheel might have made him theirs. Born of a noble but impoverished house, without a thought of God or of duty, or of the path that leads through sacrifice to peace, he had fawned on the great only to receive their buffets. When at length fortune seemed to smile, and he had bartered everything for the wealth that was to crown his days with comfort, he found that his master-stroke had

entangled him in a web of woe out of which the sword offered him the only chance of escape. His Angel whispers—

Why claim escape from man's predestined lot
Of being heaten and baffled?—God's decree
In which I, bowing bruised head, acquiesce.—Vol. ii., p. 133.

But a more congenial spirit offered the sword, and it was grasped and plunged into the heart of her who after God was nearest, and ought to have been dearest to him.

Caponsacchi, the hero of the piece, is drawn in Mr. Browning's graphic and vigorous style. If, however, it is intended for a Catholic Priest, it is very far from the mark. He would have been much nearer the truth had he chosen for his Priest either Brother Clout or Father Slouch, or that poor Monk of whom his hero says—

With half a curse and half a pitying smile
For the Monk I stumbled over in my haste
Prostrate and corpse-like at the altar foot
Intent on his corona.—Vol. ii., p. 203.

Still in the nineteenth century the Church prefers to be represented by ministers whose glory is humility, prayer, simplicity, rather than by triflers at boudoirs, sentimental panegyrists of truth, beauty, and honour, or romantic protectors of distressed females, or those, in fine, whom a pretty face is supposed to affect in this ridiculous way—

That night and next day did the gaze endure,
Burnt to my brain as sunbeam through shut eyes.
Vol. ii., p. 180.

Pompilia, the heroine, is a beautiful creation of the poet's mind. She is fair, innocent, courageous, and being so, could not we are sure give utterance to those more than indelicate sayings which are so often put into her mouth. This is the only character in which, abandoning that hard cynical tone, the prominent feature of his writings, the author has struck the chord of pathos and compassion, and drawn forth music to which all hearts will vibrate.

Next we make the acquaintance of two lawyers, De Archangelis, a shrewd, selfish, disappointed man, and Bottinius, his stupid, though more fortunate rival. Bottinius is feebly drawn beside the vigorous and hearty description of De Archangelis.

In the Pope the design of the author has been to pourtray a just ruler dealing justly by his subjects. In that he has been able to conceive one person being both Pope and a just ruler, two notions so very repugnant to Protestant minds, we have reason to be grateful. But if we carefully examine the piece, we shall discover so many crotchety and poetical reasons for Papal manners and justice, so many strangely "philosophic" views of life and its ends, that we cannot be mistaken in seeing here a good picture of the writer himself rather than of any wearer of the tiara. In fact, Mr. Browning has chosen no less a personage than the Pope to give to the world his

own notions on things in general and the present case in particular. Otherwise he would hardly have put into the Pope's mouth words not only out of joint with the age in which he lived, but utterly at variance with the character and position of the man who utters them.

The poem, as a whole, has been as much lauded above its merits by some as by others it has been ungenerously and even unfairly criticised. There are among the latter those who have vented their ill-humour on the obscurity of the author by a wilful blindness to the much sterling and genuine poetry that is scattered in wild profusion through this remarkable work. For appreciation of, and insight into, character, it has very great merit. Mr. Browning, besides, so infuses his own soul into everything he writes as to call up to one's mind some powerful mould, which gives to everything that receives it impress those well-defined, finely-cut lines that mark the parent shape. So clean and clear, in fact, does he present to the reader the form he has in his mind, as almost to cut from thought a real object and hold it up before the sensible gaze. Everywhere there is evidence of great dramatic power.

But though we can say thus much for the stuff out of which the author makes his ring, we cannot say as much for the make of the ring. He has given very rough shape indeed to material that was worthy of an artist. In plain English, what Mr. Browning writes is only half poetry, the harmony and rhythm that is generally supposed to make up a good deal of the beauty of poetry being utterly ignored. In diction it is downright prose, made unintelligible by an attempt to throw it into or rather label it as blank verse. After poring over Browning for a few days we found even prose works dividing themselves off very naturally into verses like those of *The Ring and the Book*. Who would ever believe that lines like the following were seriously intended for blank verse, were they not struck off at the printer's in the same way as the *Paradise Lost*?—

Sowing the square with works of one and the same
Master, the Imaginative Sieneſe.—Vol. i., p. 4.

Something or other jostled Lex this and that.—Vol. i., p. 13.

Tickling men's ears—the sect for a quarter of an hour.—Vol. i., p. 17.

Another charge we have to bring against Mr. Browning is his recklessness in coining new words and his strange use of some old ones. It is true that a man who has set himself the huge task of turning off some 18,000 verses has but scant time for nicety in such matters. "Malleable, ampollosity, eximious, immitigable, branchage, tenebrific, plenitudinous, portentousest," and hundreds of the same kind may not be "the best words in the best place," may not even be found in any dictionary except the one we are expecting as a companion to Browning, but—and this clinches the argument—they are of the right length, or as near it as possible, to complete another line. It would be matter of small moment if writers whose only ambition is to fill the

corner of some provincial newspaper broke loose from the restraints of grammar, but when men of acknowledged ability lend the weight of their name to the introduction of novelty and impurity, all who are interested in keeping from decay the classical beauty of their tongue are bound to protest.

But the defects we have hitherto noticed sink into insignificance beside the mistiness, the crabbed and unintelligible complication of words in which Mr. Browning too frequently clothes his thoughts. For most people no small portion of the four volumes will be nothing more or less than an enigma. And they had better let them remain an enigma for any good they will get by trying to solve them, or any good they will miss by not trying. As if to prove that beauty of thought rarely lies hid beneath mistiness and obscurity of language, the most choice passages of the whole work are to be met with in the parts most easy to be understood. For it stands to reason that if a man has anything worth saying or committing to writing, he will have the sense not to conceal it from others by being either too careless or stupid to express himself intelligibly. That Mr. Browning does express himself most unintelligibly any one may easily find out by glancing at almost any page of the four volumes. If he succeeds in getting through any without being puzzled, through a good many without being thoroughly bewildered, we shall be astonished. A final blot in point of style are some passages utterly unworthy of what pretends to be a great poem, which, if they can be said to have any meaning at all, look like attempts at punning. Here are a few specimens :—

And having first ecclesiasticised,
Regularise the whole ; next emphasise,
Then Latinise, and lastly Ciceroise.—Vol. iii., p. 171.

Count, you are counted.

And bade the governor do governance.

Go, get you manned by Manning and new-manned
By Newman, and, mayhap, wise-manned, to boot,
By Wiseman, and we'll see or else we won't.—Vol. i., p. 24.

The author somewhere rather defiantly complains of the hatred borne him by the British public, but if his inharmonious verse and thorough contempt for grammar be the source of their hatred, the British public, for once, show remarkable discernment.

To make it worth one's while to read four volumes of poetry, something more is desired than mere beauty of thought or harmony of language. Poetry is meant to teach us something. We should rise from its perusal either wiser or better men. And it is to be supposed that a man who feels himself full of noble inspiration is conscious of some higher object when he sets himself to the task of writing than merely to amuse. He has, or ought to have, a lesson to teach. To teach us to love truth is what Mr. Browning professes to have most at heart. His idea of truth, however, seems confined to straightforwardness of statement and accuracy of fact. He ought

to know that there is a limit even to this openness of statement ; that modesty, even nature herself, teaches us to throw round some things the veil of silence. And yet it is precisely scenes that call for this silence—if for no other motive, out of regard, at least, for the young and tender conscience—that he has gone about to describe most graphically and minutely. There can be no question that it is not the truth which he professes to love that has sanctioned the tearing away the veil from what conscience and common decency conspire to hide. The fear of being called “squeamish” shall not deter us from expressing our disgust at this the most glaring moral blot in the poem. At the same time, while we blame what is blameworthy, we are far from ranking Mr. Browning with a class of poets whose glory it is to trample under foot Christian modesty. We do not doubt but that he has a sincere love of the truth, and courage to follow out what he believes to be the truth. He has certainly very many of those sterling qualities which go to make up the men who leave their

Footprints in the sands of time,

but as long as he continues to write verses as barbarous and unmeaning as those of *The Ring and the Book*, no other lot, we feel assured, awaits his works but neglect and oblivion.

4. Mr. Stubbs, the late librarian at Lambeth, and Mr. A. W. Haddan, the editor of Bramhall's Works, have combined their very extensive knowledge of English ecclesiastical antiquity in editing a series of documents whose historical importance, always great, is now brought into higher prominence by the present increase of attention that is being paid to questions that vitally affect the claims of the Established Church, but which men have been glad to leave unanswered, or to forget that they had ever been asked. The first fruit of these labours is now before us (*Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland*. Edited after Spelman and Wilkins by A. W. Haddan, B.D., and W. Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History, formerly Fellows of Trinity College, Oxford. Vol. i. Clarendon Press, 1869). Mr. Haddan is responsible for this volume, and also edits the second. Those that include the Saxon period will fall to Mr. Stubbs, and when these are published we shall look forward with great interest to a continuation of this documentary history down to the rejection of the old religion by the Tudor King. Most of the new material collected for this edition has been obtained from the many stores of MSS. that have recently been opened to the public ; and though the editors can only indulge themselves in a not very good-natured hope that “the Kingdom of Italy” will some day aid them in disclosing “the secrets of the Vatican,” they have made, on the whole, good use of the S. Gall and other Swiss libraries to which they have been able to obtain access.

Three periods are comprised in this volume :—“1. British Church

during the Roman period (200—450); 2. British Church during the period of Saxon conquest (450—681); 3. Church of Wales during the Saxon and Norman periods (681—1295).” The insular, and consequently imperfect character of the early Christianity of Britain was no doubt due to its remoteness from civilisation, and it scarcely needs those expressions of equivocal patriotism that would vindicate “the early British Church” from “Orientalism” or other foreign influence to assure us of its partial independence, and incomplete attachment to the centre of unity. Alike in *The Irish Canons* (p. 126), in *A Letter of Gregory III.* (p. 203), and in the Anglo-Saxon *Penitential of Theodore*, we find a condemnation of the Britons for their separation from the rest of the “Western Church.” Whatever argument may be drawn from this on either side, it is at least true that the present race of Englishmen are not Britons, and cannot plead the example of those who were not their forefathers as an excuse for following in their steps. Few indirect arguments could better prove the need of a supreme authority, both in doctrine and discipline, than the state of British Christianity on and after the arrival of the Apostolic Missionaries at the beginning of the seventh century; and it is apparent from the documents before us that nothing but want of knowledge can excuse or account for the rejection of St. Augustine by the British Bishops, which was soon followed by their deterioration and extinction.

Of the appendices given at the end of periods one and two, those on lives of British Saints, sepulchral inscriptions, and on an early Latin version of the Bible, are especially interesting. Among the documents relating to the third period are many of great length and value. Copious extracts from the laws of Howel the Good; appeals and letters that passed between the various dioceses and the Holy See, among which are several of St. Anselm and St. Thomas; St. David’s claim of Metropolitanship and free election; Archbishop Peckham’s visitation of the Welsh dioceses; and, in the appendices to this part, the sepulchral Christian inscriptions in Wales A.D. 700—1,100, are those which chiefly attract attention, while every page is full of interest.

It is noteworthy that in Wales churches were first dedicated to their founders, next to St. Michael, and in the tenth century to the Blessed Virgin. A curious relic of the ancient faith remains in the word “offeiriad,” offerer, or sacrificing Priest, which is retained in the Welsh translation of the Book of Common Prayer. There is a “Pont Offeiriad” near Plinlimmon. In the next volume we are promised a collection of the early documents of the Church of Ireland; whether it will consist, as this does, of *Pièces Justificatives* or not, it cannot fail to serve in greater or less degree the cause of the Catholic faith in that afflicted land. Mr. Haddan speaks with blame of the “attempted Anglicising of Wales” under Henry III. and Edward I. Influences of an opposite character, but which are generally spoken of by a like name, have borne sad fruit in the country on the other side of St. George’s channel.

5. When Thomas Hearne, at the beginning of the last century, put his hand to the almost unknown and quite untilled field of early English contemporary records, he could scarcely have foreseen that his successor in this work, one hundred and fifty years later, would be no less a person than the Master of the Rolls. Thomas Hearne indeed did his work with his own hands; and the Master of the Rolls, who in this case acts under the authority of the Treasury, does his by deputy, and has a share of the nation's purse at his command. Hearne was the son of the parish clerk of White Waltham, and by great industry and an unconquerable enthusiasm won many friends who gave him subscriptions and literary assistance, by means of which he was enabled to do great and valuable service to English history. His fifty or sixty volumes have been amply supplemented by the *Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages*, of which the volume before us is a fair specimen. (*Gesta Abbatum Monasterii S. Albani*, a Thoma Waltingham, regnante Ricardo secundo, ejusdem ecclesiæ precentore, compilata. Edited by H. T. Riley, M.A., of C. C. C. Cambridge, Barrister at Law. 1869.)

Mr. Riley has edited the text with care, and given a short abstract of each paragraph in the margin; it becomes therefore an easy and pleasant occupation to those to whom chronicler's Latin is either unfamiliar or distasteful to gather for themselves illustrations of whatever point in our national life they may be interested in. Whether these chronicles were ever intended by their writers to see the light as they now do in the not very congenial blaze of English curiosity in the nineteenth century may well be questioned; and it is only fair to warn readers of this and like contemporary memorials against drawing too general a conclusion as to the spirit of those ages from the perusal of but two or three such records as the one of which we take occasion to speak.

On the first page is a characteristic portrait of Thomas, thirtieth Abbot of St. Albans. It gives the key to a right understanding of the whole period of his reign, and enables us to qualify Mr. Riley's dispraise of him as the "most litigious" of Abbots: a quality, by the way, which should not provoke the censure of a barrister. "Erat autem vir iste magnanimus et cordatus, ut pene mortem non timeret dummodo jura sui monasterii tueri posset." So much for his litigiousness! "Sed si quando inferebantur minæ potestatum sæcularium, mox . . . ad divinum recurrebat subsidium; et non prius ab oratione cessavit, quam, cum Conventu suo, fudit arte Corpus Dominicum, vel corpus Beati Albani, donec se exauditum realiter sentiebat. . . . Et licet ad horam gravatus fuisset, opprimi nunquam potuit, vel devinci; munitus enim erat orationibus gregis sui." God and His Church were evidently the aim of Abbot Thomas' life; and we shall see that this spirit of real and earnest prayer was one that was required by the times.

In the rebellion commonly connected with the name of Wat Tyler, the men of St. Albans, with assistance from Berkhamstead and

Barnet, made an attack on the abbey, drove out the Prior and some others, set free the Abbot's prisoners, killed some of them, extorted valuable concessions from the House, and committed outrages within the church and precincts. The Abbot's retainers, after obtaining a promise of help from the Earl of Warwick, set out for London, but were intercepted by "Jack Straw," and forced to take the insurgent's oath. Their enemies arrived from St. Alban's, and assisted by William Gryndecoble, pleaded successfully against the Abbot before Walter, "the rustic's idol." Returning to St. Alban's with reinforcements, after much violence and insult they obtained possession of, and destroyed, many of the abbey charters; and after enjoying an abundant supply of beer and bread sent out to them by the Abbot, they committed further devastations and extortions. At this juncture the news of Tyler's death reached the abbey, but it little affected the insurgents, who proceeded to further excesses, and at last forced the Abbot to give them a general acquittance. The people of Barnet and Redbune then made their demands with more or less violence; twenty places indeed succeeded in extorting charters of liberties from the Abbot and convent. In return for all this injury, the Abbot pleaded for the people of St. Alban's who were accused of rioting; and in his turn was accused by the townsmen of creating the commotion. Further troubles were in store for him; farms and mills were fired, and the successive acts of violence outlasted his lifetime, but did not move him from the attention and preservation of his rights.

The writer of this chronicle states his purpose in giving the details of the above insurrection in words which are well worthy of wide and particular remembrance: "Ut futuri, videlicet, hæc scientes, licet ad horam contingat eos taliter molestari, non tamen concidant, sed more majorum animentur, et se erigant ad libertates et jura Ecclesiæ contuenda." The chronicle is continued by another hand to 1401, under the rule of John V. and William II. Mr. Riley has appended a glossary, in which amongst other items he tells us that Lauds is a name given to Matins; and gives some other strange definitions. These and other blemishes, which an acquaintance with the Offices of the Church would have enabled him to escape, do not detract from the general ability with which this record has been edited. To have such facility as we now enjoy of reading those chronicles as they were written, free from the misrepresentations of version or comment, is a gain to the ordinary student of history which we are yet hardly able to appreciate.

6. It would not, perhaps, be more difficult for a stranger with only half a day at his disposal to make himself acquainted with the many and striking beauties of the places in the neighbourhood of Dublin, Dalkey, Killiney, Howth, Bray, Shanganagh, and others, than it is for a reviewer with only a few lines at his disposal to discuss the very multifarious attractions of a book like Mr. Gaskin's *Irish Varieties* (W. B. Kelly. Dublin). It professes indeed to deal with the "his-

torical, topographical, and archæological association" of the places just now enumerated; but the word "association" has to be taken in a very large sense if it is to embrace as by right all the topics contained in these entertaining pages. We can only wish it every success, as it certainly deserves. May it attain a second edition immediately, —and may Mr. Kelly be induced to give it a table of contents at the beginning as well as an alphabetical index at the end!

7. It is but fair that while the study of the habits and anatomy of the bee has been popularised of late, the thoroughly British wasp should have its share of public attention also. These just claims have been acknowledged in a book on the *Natural History of Wasps* (Longmans, Green, &c. London), written last year by Edward Latham Ormerod, M.D. Mr. Ormerod somewhat ungenerously depreciates the gains derived from wax and honey as purely imaginary, that he may show wasp-keeping to be on a par with bee-keeping. We think that the interest and profit of a scientific study of the physiology, architecture, and general habits of the wasp, may be well asserted without making an attack on the domain and received rights of any other insect, more especially as we are told that, contrary to the general feeling of all bystanders, wasps at work are unwilling to molest those who do not themselves provoke the attack, and are even more amicably disposed than the honey-bee. We are told that the literature of wasps is not large, and yet the writer has presented to us a good sized work of nearly three hundred pages, in which the whole subject is well and clearly treated, and is put before the eye in fourteen plates, representing the seven varieties of the British Social Wasp, and the different formation of their nests.

8. Mr. Formby seems to have spent a great deal of time and trouble in unostentatious labours for the sake of English Catholic school-children, the laudable object of which labours has been to supply them with easy means of learning to sing, and with an abundant store of good songs and tunes on which to practise their powers. As children are quite certain to sing something and somehow, and are equally certain to supply themselves with bad and mischievous songs unless some one else puts better food in their way, it is obvious that no one who has their welfare really at heart can be indifferent to their best interests in this particular respect. Moreover we live in an age of musical progress, at least in one in which music is brought home to every class of the community, and in which its cultivation has often resulted in the giving a fresh attraction and importance to schools and other institutions. Catholics cannot afford to be behind their neighbours in this respect. We do not expect the too often weakly and ill-fed children of our poor schools to be able to satisfy a critical taste in the performance of great masterpieces of intricate and elaborate music; but let us at all events develop what powers of song they may have, give them plenty of music and good songs to sing to it. This sensible and

necessary object has been long pursued by Mr. Formby, and we wish him great success. The publications now before us consist of—1. *The Singing Class Primer*; 2. *School Songs* (for Juniors and Seniors); 3. *The Music and Melodies* for each class of *School Songs*. All are published by Messrs. Burns and Oates.

9. We had lately to notice a little work of Mrs. Craven, *Adelaide Capece Minutolo*—a graceful and touching account of a very interesting life. The work has now been translated into English by Miss Bowles (*A Noble Lady*. Burns and Oates), and will no doubt be welcome to the many who have learnt to value everything that proceeds from the pen of the writer of *Le Récit d'une Sœur*. We are glad of the publication, not simply on literary grounds, but also because it is well that English ladies should have all the various types of the perfect Christian life placed before them in the engaging form of actual example. The lady who from choice remains unmarried, and, without entering the cloister or giving up society altogether, endeavours to serve God and to promote the good and happiness of those around her, sometimes gets a hard or a scornful epithet flung at her, and is often considered a superfluous, and even troublesome member of the community. There are troublesome and unmanageable beings in all classes and conditions of men and women, and it is therefore possible that single ladies may often be found to be in the way. But it would be a bad day for the Church when the honour due to Christian maidenhood is restricted to the inmates of the cloister, and when the charity which animates women to a life of active self-devotion for the sake of Jesus Christ is supposed to be confined to the ladies who wear the habit of religion. As it happens, there is among ourselves a very wide field of labour for the good of the souls and bodies of our poor Catholics, which, under the circumstances of the country, would not be open to religious women, strictly so called, even if there were enough of them to undertake its cultivation. We are therefore doubly in need of the lesson taught by the *Life of Adelaide Capece Minutolo*—taught by it, we need hardly say, incidentally, and without the slightest attempt on the part of its writer to occupy the place of a teacher.

10. The beautiful Devotion of the Holy Hour, by which the Faithful are invited to spend that hour in the week which corresponds to our Blessed Lord's Agony in the Garden in prayer and meditation, is one of those practices of Christian piety which have only to be mentioned in order to enlist the warmest sympathy of all devout Catholics. Father Weld has supplied the want of a manual of devotion for those who follow this practice by this translation of the *Holy Hour* from the Italian (Burns and Oates). We may couple with this another equally attractive little volume. The great Italian mission-preacher, Father Segneri, was in the habit of disseminating by thousands at the close of his missions, a translation of a little French work by a Father of

the same Society with himself, François Nepveu, *On the Love of Jesus Christ*. It is one of the simplest books of its kind, and practical throughout. The first part gives eight "motives," and the second eight "means" for the love of our Lord. We have now before us an English translation of this famous little book, edited by Father Coleridge. It is admirably adapted to the purpose to which Father Segneri put it, but it will be found useful by readers of all classes.

11. The scantiness of the proportion of anything really original in the immense amount of fiction which is constantly issuing from the press, may be proved by the welcome which is always given to any book which opens new sources, and pleases the jaded palate with the flavour of a sensation not quite familiar. The popular stories of a people are always sure to be "racy of the soil," and a good deal of curious research may be employed in comparing the characteristic form which this or that old legend has assumed under the moulding power of different nationalities. The Spanish stories, if we may judge of them from the book called *Patrañas* (Griffith & Farran) have certainly their own peculiar flavour: and the deep faith and religiousness of the nation is reflected in them. Few of them are long or elaborate, and many of those here published are simply anecdotes rather than tales. But the majority of them are well worth translating, and will, we feel sure, be heartily welcomed by story-lovers—of all ages—among ourselves.

12. We regret that our limited space precludes us from noticing in detail a number of interesting works. We have accidentally omitted hitherto to mention Mr. Thompson's beautiful translation of Boudon's *Devotion to the Nine Choirs of Holy Angels* (Burns and Oates). We have also received Mr. Husband's *Why I left the Church of England* (Burns and Oates); Mr. Pye's *Religion of Common Sense* (*Ibid.*); a translation of Père Chaignon's Familiar Instruction on *The Council and the Jubilee* (*Ibid.*); and a pleasant little tract, *St. Charles and his Fellow-Labourers*, addressed by the admirable band of Apostolic workers at Bayswater to the Confraternity of Christian doctrine in their parish. We could especially wish to linger over the two vols. of *Galway Academical Papers*, published for St. Ignatius College, Galway. The second in particular, on the oratory of Demosthenes, would do credit to any College in the Three Kingdoms. The qualities of the great Athenian's oratory, and the elements of his success, are thoroughly handled and debated.

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To our Readers.

As the conclusion of the present and the commencement of the next volume of the MONTH will mark a new stage of its life, of which we shall take advantage to improve it in a manner which we trust will not be unsatisfactory to our readers, we may make it also the occasion to address to them a few words in explanation of our design. Amid the multitude of English magazines, containing as they do the writings of many of the most distinguished authors of our time and country, and adorned as they are sometimes at lavish expense by the illustrations of artists of great fame and popularity, we cannot claim for ourselves excellence which we do not possess, or the use of resources which are denied to us. We have attempted to furnish the comparatively small public which is open to writers who are in the first instance and above everything Catholic, with a monthly companion in which the qualities which are elsewhere shared between magazines and reviews may be found in combination. The other periodicals which deal with the more serious subjects of the day are usually larger in bulk, less frequent in their times of publication, and higher in price, while those which aim mainly at amusing and entertaining their readers are not in the habit of giving so large a space to literary reviews or to articles on serious matters. To attempt to combine the two classes into which English periodicals are divided, and to do this while maintaining the size and the price of the less serious of the two, has been the task which has been imposed upon us, in which we have few competitors, and which we have discharged to the best of our opportunities.

Those who are familiar with literary undertakings will be the best able to appreciate the difficulties of such a position, but they have doubtless not escaped the notice of many general readers. We have had continually before us a curious evidence of this in the very conflicting and contradictory recommendations and complaints which we have been in the habit of hearing and receiving. Those who endeavour at one and the same time to supply two different classes of people or of needs, run the obvious chance of pleasing or of answering neither. It has sometimes occurred to us to print in parallel columns the kind exhortations or remonstrances which have reached us almost at the same moment, urging us on the one hand to be more serious and to "speak out" on the great topics of the day, or begging us on the other hand to throw theology, philosophy, history, criticism, or science, to the winds, and furnish the thirsty public with more abundant draughts from the ever-flowing fountain of fiction. We can make no complaint at a time when we are able sincerely and heartily to thank our readers

for the support which we have always received, and the constant indulgence and favour which has been accorded to us ; but we mention the fact of our double object as an answer once for all to those who are inclined to wonder at our not doing more in either of the two lines which we have pursued, and we can assure them at the same time that their advice has not been unconsidered or unvalued because it has been impossible to follow it.

It has frequently been suggested to us that a considerable enlargement of our plan, by means of which the MONTH might be raised externally to the level of periodicals such as the *Contemporary Review*, or the older potentates of the literary world, *Fraser* and *Blackwood*, would give us the opportunity of satisfying more adequately the wishes of many of our subscribers, and would give to Catholic literature a representative among organs of that class such as is very much wanted. We have often thought of complying with the suggestion, but we do not feel at present certain that such a change, involving as it necessarily would an increased demand on the purses of our subscribers,—many of whom, as we are in some sense glad to know, are to be found among a class whom such considerations might touch nearly—would be acceptable to the majority of those whom it is our desire to serve. Such a course would give us many obvious advantages, but it would be open, as far as we know, to the other objections at which we have hinted ; and we have therefore determined on making what improvements can be made without any fresh demands on our subscribers.

The support which we have received is enough to enable us to make for the future a considerable enlargement of our space, without altering the form or character of the MONTH. We shall thus be enabled to deal more at ease with important subjects, in theology, philosophy, history, and science, without neglecting the demands of those whose chief interest lies in lighter subjects. We shall thus be able to avail ourselves of the services of writers who have hitherto contributed only too scantily to our pages, and we hope also to make the MONTH more useful as a record of Catholic and general literature at home and abroad, without abandoning our usual custom as to fiction and the other forms of lighter literature. And we can only hope that if increased exertions on our part should meet with the approval of those for whose benefit they are undertaken, they will on their part do all in their power to support and increase the circulation of this periodical.

We may take this opportunity of thanking the many writers of whose contributions we have been unable to avail ourselves, and we beg that they will set down any apparent remissness on our part as to acknowledging or returning their communications to the pressure of occupation which must often fall severely upon persons whose whole time cannot be devoted to this particular work.

London, November 22, 1869.

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